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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor.

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THE MIRROR PAMPHLETS.

THE next issue of the MIRROR PAMPHLETS will have for subject, "THE EUGENE FIELD MYTH."

There has been an unavoidable postponement of the recent issues of this publication owing, principally, to the increase in the circulation of the MIRROR and difficulties in the matter of publication facilities, now happily surmounted. Succeeding issues will appear immediately until the regular issue for each month corresponds with the month of issue, and there will be no more delays. The essays for the issues of this year are an interesting series and will treat of a great variety of subjects.

The MIRROR PAMPHLETS are sent to subscribers for 50 cents a year, and sold at the news stands at 5 cents per copy. The trade is supplied by the St. Louis News Company or its branches.

REFLECTIONS.

Roosevelt and Schley

THE people of the United States need not be surprised if the result of Admiral Schley's appeal to the President from the verdict of the Court of Inquiry should be a vigorous vindication of the appellant. The President has always been a pretty good Schley man and he openly complimented him upon his return from Cuba at the head of the Rough Riders. The public may look for something from the President on this subject that will be a rebuke to the naval martinets, while not altogether reversing the inquiry court's decision upon some technical points.

Immortality of the Soul

THAT startling preacher, Dr. Parkhurst, insists again and again that all souls are not necessarily immortal. He insists upon the literal truth of the scripture that "the soul that sinneth, it shall die." The reverend gentleman argues, therefore, that annihilation will be the fate of the bad soul. That is not much of a threat. In fact, it is no threat at all to about four hundred millions of followers of Gautama who yearn for Nirvana as the ultimate happiness. "Man," says Dr. Parkhurst, "is not inherently immortal." If that be so, how are we to know what soul is immortal and what soul is not? If one soul may be made immortal by the good exercise of its functions, and another soul may cease to exist by the evil exercise of its functions, some men must be inherently immortal and some men inherently mortal. Thus we come around to predestination once more. If all souls are of the same informing life of bodies, if all souls are the breath of God the souls must be of the same essence, and one cannot be immortal while another is not. Dr. Parkhurst's metaphysics would seem to be mixed up beyond disentanglement. If it depends upon a soul whether it shall be mortal or immortal, then immortality is an accident of soul, which is absurd, for immortality is an essential, and not an accidental quality. What may be mortal cannot by any possibility be immortal. Their cannot be any such contradictoriness in souls as mortality and immortality at the same time, and neither mortality nor immortality can be dependent upon the soul itself, if it be either one or the other, for it must be immortal or mortal from the beginning. Dr. Parkhurst is almost as self-contradictory in his theory as was Schopenhauer when it was shown that his philosophy amounted to a declaration "that brain was a phenomenon of brain," that space and time were only existent in the brain, and yet the brain existed in space and time. Before Dr. Parkhurst discourses upon the nature of the soul he should read Saint Thomas Aquinas.

Passion on the Stage

THE American invasion of England has even struck the English stage, as a recent cablegram plainly indicates. Mrs. James Brown Potter was engaged to play a leading role in Stephen Phillips' drama, "Ulysses," opposite to Mr. Beerbohm Tree, the man whose *Hamlet*, Oscar Wilde said, was funny without being vulgar. The cablegram tells the story briefly. "After watching several rehearsals, Mrs. Tree, wife of the actor, acquired the notion that Mrs. Potter played the love scenes with something more than the necessary degree of fervor, and that her passionate embraces of Mr. Tree were a trifle too realistic. She sug-

gested to her husband that Mrs. Potter be induced to moderate her artistic emotion. Mrs. Potter declined. Stephen Phillips, the author, on appeal, supported the Trees, and Mrs. Potter resigned." Those English are too slow entirely. Over here the hot stuff episode would be turned to advertising uses. The actor's wife would have sued for divorce, and the crowds would have flocked to see the passionateness. But hold! Our syndicate won't allow actors to have wives, or actresses, husbands. Even Nat Goodwin and Maxine Elliott are to separate. Perhaps the syndicate is right, in view of the incident of Mrs. Tree and Mrs. Potter. But what a great "ad" Frohman would have got out of the situation. He would have Mrs. Potter's temperature, her kiss-voltage, her embrace-tension, her clinging retardation scientifically measured. He would have Tree interviewed as to whether he more liked Mrs. Tree's or Mrs. Potter's caloric. What a feast there would be in the Sunday supplements, with the warmest passages of Mr. Phillips' "Marpessa" quoted to heighten the effect! Mrs. Potter is a wonder. She should be vaccinated against herself. She should put fenders on herself. But Mrs. Tree would never have been permitted in our theatres to interfere with business as she has done in London. Our syndicate wants plays so passionate that ladies drop dead in the audience at the climaxes in the matinees. It is plain that English wives of actors will have to band themselves together to prevent their husbands being kissed to death by the invading American actresses.

A Matter of Mathematics

ACCORDING to the terms of the blanks in the popular subscription to the World's Fair the last assessment will not be called until about September, 1903, and none of the National appropriation will be available for use until the whole of the popular subscription has been expended. How, then, can the World's Fair be opened in May, 1903, and closed in the same year when the money for its construction will not be fully available until within three months of the time for closing the Fair? The unlikelihood of a World's Fair, in 1903, is a simple matter of mathematical calculation.

A Book

A MAN named Alfred Hodder has written a book called "The New Americans," which many critics have pronounced very good. The remarkable thing about this book is, that three different persons have had it in their hands for review in the MIRROR, and each person has brought it back to the office with the remark "I couldn't read it." A trifle like that should be no bar to a quite impressive review of a book, but, in this case, all the persons to whom the book was referred agreed that not only could they not read it, but the attempt to do so exasperated them against the author to such a degree that they didn't dare commit their sentiments to paper. It is seldom indeed that anything absolutely unreadable emanates from the Macmillan publishing house, but in "The New Americans" the distinguished publishers have certainly captured the premium for unperusability in fiction. The writer of this paragraph managed to get into the story as far as page 3 when he came upon the incident of a man betting another that he could not repeat the Lord's Prayer. The second man took the bet and began: "Now I lay me down to sleep" etc., Then says the other, "Gad, I didn't think you knew it: you have been well brought up, etc." That was a staggerer, although not much worse than the sentence on the first page about a person who "lived in a plenary inspiration of certitudes." On page 19, Chapter III, one of the characters of whom an apology was demanded refused to give it and "he consigned Cecil incontinently to a place reserved for the punishment of the wicked after death." And

here the writer of this paragraph stuck. But somebody must review this book some time. It shall not be said that Mr. Alfred Hodder has baffled the brightest minds of "the greatest weekly in the world" in their endeavor to force their way into his novel. There are 472 pages to the book, but they are not impregnable. Somebody has read this book, if only the Macmillans' proof reader, and what man has done man may do. It shall be reviewed for the MIRROR if it has to be sent to Andrew Lang for that purpose. If there are any persons who read this paragraph who have read "The New Americans" to the end, and they will send their names to this office, the editor will undertake to establish them as an organization of survivors, but the names must be accompanied by affidavits.

Romance

ROMANCE is dead, said some one, not long ago. Yet the story of the Biddles who won the Pittsburg jailer's wife and induced her to help them escape and run away with them, and then to attempt to kill herself at the same time they did rather than be recaptured, is the truest of truth and of romance, a tale with twists and fangles finer than any in the greatest romances of the world from Paris and Helen and Lancelot and Guinevere down to the latest novel of adventure. There is nothing more tensely romantic in the novels of G. P. R. James, Harrison Ainsworth or Stanley Weyman. Nothing equal to the Biddles' wooing, winning and eloping with Warden Soffel's wife after she had chloroformed her husband, furnished the prisoners with files and saws, and watched them overpower the guards, the battle with the officers, the triple essay at self-slaughter, the death of the men, and the woman left alive and disgraced—nothing with quite so much of action and passion and ache is to be found in any episode, real or fancied, of Jack Sheppard, Claude Duval, Dick Turpin, or any of the other immortal picares. Romance dead, forsooth. Romance will be dead when the last human heart is dust, and never before; and maybe, after that, we shall, in some other existence, make stories out of our lives, as we do here.

As to Boodle

BAG the big bribe-givers! Bag the big professional go-between for the corporations and the crooks. Don't let the big guns who ought to be indicted escape by getting into the Grand Jury, and telling on themselves so their telling can't be used against them.

Miss Roosevelt and the Coronation

WHAT insufferable balderdash is this the newspapers are giving us about what will happen if Miss Roosevelt goes to London to witness the King's coronation? "Her determination complicates matters for diplomats," we read, and "she will be accorded the honors of a royal princess." Miss Roosevelt may or may not attend the coronation exercises. If she does it is entirely safe to assume that, being a lady, and having had a lady's training, she will not put herself in the attitude of pretending to be anything she is not. She is not a royal princess, and her acceptance of such honor would be in violent conflict with Rooseveltian common sense. There is no reason why her appearance should complicate anything for anybody. She may be received as an American young lady solely, without any official position whatever. If she participates at all in the ceremonial it will be for what she is, the daughter of Mr. Roosevelt, who happens to be President of the United States. She will not, as a young lady of sound sense, aspire to especial honors at an official function, though it is probable that court officials will pay her honor of some signal sort, without putting her in the false position of imitating royalty. The President's daughter, we may be sure, is not apt to go to the coronation if her going would complicate anything or embarrass anybody. She, we may be sure, will not attend the coronation without being invited and without the circumstances and details being specifically understood before her departure. The Roosevelts have known what is the right thing to do for some centuries in this country and one of them is not going to attach herself

to this country's delegation to the coronation without a perfect understanding as to her position upon arrival in London. There is no evidence that Miss Roosevelt is going to the coronation, no evidence that she desires to go to the coronation. There is no justification whatever for the gossip that puts her before her countrymen and countrywomen in the aspect of one who wants to do something that she hasn't been asked to do and that something a thing that might make her father and her country ridiculous. There is no reason why she should not attend the coronation as Miss Roosevelt. There is no reason why the Court should not pay her special attention as her father's daughter. There is no reason in the world why newspaper gossips should try to make her a public personage when she is not, or why they should, by inference, intimate that she yearns for gauds of royalty. Even though she be the President's daughter, she should be as secure from irresponsible public discussion as any other man's daughter. There is something hideously offensive in the manner in which this young lady's name and alleged intentions are blazoned abroad by people who would not know her if they saw her and cannot by any possibility speak with authority of what she wishes or intends with regard to anything. It would be not only wise but decent for the journalistic gossips to let this young lady alone. She has the same right to privacy as any other young lady, and it is entirely safe for everyone who concerns himself about the subject to rest assured that she will not be guilty of any *faux pas*.

'05, Not '04

THE World's Fair should not be postponed until 1904—a Presidential election year with possibilities always of a general tightening up of business. The Fair cannot be held in 1903. That is certain. Therefore, the Fair should be postponed until 1905.

The Mayor of St. Louis

THE editor of the MIRROR was inveigled, the other day, into approaching Rolla Wells, Mayor of St. Louis, to say a word for an applicant for office. In the course of the conversation the editor said of the applicant, "He is a good Democrat and an efficient, honest man." The Mayor said "Hold on. Wouldn't it be better if he were an honest, efficient man and a good Democrat?" The intimation of the Mayor's policy conveyed in the correction is prophetic of the realization of the Mayor's promises of good government instead of partisan government of this community. The Wells policy is one that all decent citizens will approve. It is a policy which, if carried out, may result in the further advancement of Rolla Wells politically. Such a policy once made the Mayor of Buffalo President of the United States. Students of contemporaneous men and events will do well to keep their eye upon Rolla Wells of St. Louis. He is a man who doesn't say much, but he does his duty to the people who elected him, ten hours a day, each working day. He is a man who has a great deal of influence with himself and is not led or said by anyone. He has gone at reform in a modest fashion, without any flourish. His appointments to important offices, such as License Commissioner, City Counselor and Assistant City Counselor, have been made without consulting any machine, and, in some instances, in spite of the appeals for others by his closest personal associates. He has flatly refused to consult with bosses. He has insisted upon open trial of every office-holder accused of misdeeds. His first act was to insist upon the discharge of grafting deputy marshals in the police courts though appointed by a man elected on the same ticket with himself. He has insisted on taking his share of the responsibility for warfare upon gambling, when he might have evaded it without question of his motives. He stands squarely in favor of the prosecution to the limit of bribers and bribed. He has declared himself time and again against millionaire corruptionists and their tools, and in speech after speech to the men who elected him, he has reiterated the utterance of his speech of acceptance that he will give this city a business administration essentially and a Democratic administration only in so far as that may be

synonymous with the business administration. These things have not been done or said in a way to catch the public fancy. The Mayor does not want to advertise himself. But the conviction is growing stronger every day that Rolla Wells is the Mayor this city has needed for a long, long time, and that during his incumbency the better elements, rich and poor, will be conscientiously served by him in every detail of government in which he has a hand.

Folk and the Boodlers

MR. JOSEPH W. FOLK, Circuit Attorney of St. Louis, is now almost a National character. He has turned the light upon this city's boodlers and exposed them with a convincing completeness never achieved in any city in ten years. He has smoked out the reputable crooks as well as the disreputable. He has exposed the sins of society leaders, financial magnates, great promoters, church members, powerful politicians. He has made the boss boodler of this city squeal like a pig stuck under a fence and forced him into public explanations that are confessions. He has discovered that boss boodler as a mucker ready to turn State's evidence on his pals, plotting to indict anyone who dared boodle without letting him handle "the dough," and keep the lion's share, while he gave his bought cattle a pittance. Mr. Folk has driven all the corruptionists to seek their holes. But he will pursue them and drag them out to conviction and sentence—if the corruptionists cannot fix the petty juries as they have in the past. The people must back up Mr. Folk in the task he has courageously undertaken until the country is rejoiced by the spectacle of a dozen or half a dozen eminent St. Louisans in striped suits in the Missouri penitentiary.

A Poisoner

MR. EDGAR SALTUS has an article in the February *Cosmopolitan* entitled, "The Champion Poisoners." But he doesn't say a word about himself in the article, though he is, perhaps, the chief poisoner with the pen, of this country at this time. Mr. Saltus' style and his view of life are the deadliest in literature, not excluding Wilde at his fantastic highest.

Cleveland

"CLEVELAND" is Mr. William Allen White's latest character-study in *McClure's Magazine* for February. In it he performs the truly miraculous feat of resolving the three-hundred-pound ex-President into an abstraction. Mr. White's studies of prominent statesmen and politicians are excellent reading, but he hardly does justice to Mr. Cleveland when he says that he has not left his impress upon the country. To have saved the Nation's credit in a time of panic by repealing the Sherman law, is an act to be immortally remembered. To have stopped the pension raid at its highest tide, is another deed that will not be forgotten. When Cleveland suppressed the Debs riot, he did a deed that was worthy of the most exalted traditions of moral courage. Of course, Mr. White touches upon all these things, but he views them with a Black Republican strabismus that prevents his proper appreciation of such performances. Grover Cleveland never was and never could be popular. He was not spectacular in his conduct, and he preached entirely too much, but he was and is a great man, if a little too solemn. Mr. White's estimate of the great and good Grover is that of a man compelled against his will to give honor where honor is due, and it is a pity that his tone in treating this subject should tend to discredit the virtues that Mr. Cleveland conspicuously exemplified in his official career. To be cold towards such virtues is to lend comfort to those who stand for all the wrongs on which Mr. Cleveland made war.

Cuban Sugar

IS THE Sugar Trust greater than the United States that its interests should be considered superior to the country's duty toward Cuba? The tariff on raw and refined sugar is absolutely of no benefit to anyone but the Trust. Instead of simply reducing the tariff on Cuban sugar, the tariff

should be abolished altogether. The Cubans want a market. Americans want the sugar. Why should the Trust be allowed to stand between the buyer and seller and exact a tax from both?

Little.

THE BOODLERS.

BY W. M. R.

ALL the fuss over Grand Jury investigation of legislative corruption will only spell failure if the boss boodler of this town be not made to march to lock-step time towards Jefferson City. "Col." Edward Butler has brazenly told the public that he is the only man who can buy legislation without being caught, or without subjecting the purchasers of franchises or the corrupt legislators who sell them to unpleasant inquiry. He does not say, however, that the investigation always follows boodling done by others than himself, for no other reason than that he always "peaches" to the Grand Jury whenever any deal is made without his aid. He buys councilmen and delegates; but if another buy them, Butler is ready to deliver them up to justice. That's his way of keeping the bribe-takers afraid of himself so that he can buy them cheaper than others. A franchise seeker who doesn't employ Butler at Butler's own price may go ahead and boodle his measure through, but when he has done so Butler is sneaking to the Grand Jury with the story, so that the franchise seeker is scared to death and makes terms with Butler for the future. When a deal from which Butler is excluded is exposed, Butler comes out in the newspapers and boldly says that the incident only shows that he alone is safe and sure in his methods of securing legislation, provided his "fee" is as he wants it. Thus he serves notice on franchise seekers that they employ other go-betweens at their peril. Thus he notifies assemblymen that if they deal with others than him they risk the penitentiary. Thus he flaunts in the face of the public the fact that he is the only briber who never fails to pass, or to defeat, a measure when he has been properly feed. No other city in the country has ever been so insulted since Tweed wanted to know of New York, "What are you going to do about it?" No other community has ever been told by a boss boodler that he alone has the infallible method of boodling, and that he alone can give or withhold franchises. Tweed died in prison, but Butler is a millionaire and the associate of millionaires, and the fourth city in the Union listens to his infamous boasts and doesn't even think of the usefulness of hemp in such a case of violation of public decency. A Grand Jury returns indictments for bribery, but no indictment against the man who shrieks aloud that he can bribe and never be caught. He can "peach" and scare people out of competition with him, but he has been the briber for so many reputable citizens for thirty years that he is not noticed. How he does it is a mystery. Is it possible that Grand Juries cannot reach a man who publicly taunts them with their inability to "catch on" to his methods of bribery? How long will the decent citizens of St. Louis tolerate a man who tells them that his system of securing legislation never fails, when his "fee" is right? What other community would tolerate a boodler who says that when he is feed he sees the assemblymen, and then they all retire and "pray" and then the deed is done? This fellow mocks at morality and laughs at law and sneers at religion and betrays his accomplices when he cannot control them, and glories in his shame. He is worse than Tweed ever was in his most predatory period. He terrorizes franchise-seekers and bulldozes franchise sellers, and insults the public by telling them that they would not be shocked by revelations of corruption if the corruption-business were left in his hands alone. The Grand Jury can indict a gentleman like Henry Nicolaus for indorsing a note upon which money to buy franchises was borrowed, when he had no idea of the uses to which the money was to be put, but it cannot reach Butler even though he tells the body publicly that boodling is his business, and that it can only catch boodlers who don't

know the trick as he does. Surely some powerful influence protects Butler. Can it be the British protection he claimed during the war, as a subject of Queen Victoria, in order to dodge the draft?

And yet Ed Butler is not quite so bad as some others, like Charles H. Turner, for instance, who, in order to save himself, turns up evidence that results in an indictment for bribery against his closest personal friend, Ellis Wainwright, who is defenceless on the other side of the globe, or in doing the same thing to Henry Nicolaus, another close friend and business associate. Turner did only the natural thing in getting to the Grand Jury before Butler could get there against him. That was only dog eat dog. But when Turner, with the teeth like Mr. Carker, in "Dombey and Son," Turner, a "member of an old family," Turner, a millionaire, is instrumental in bringing forth an indictment against Wainwright and Nicolaus, who were no more than his friends and daily associates, he was guilty of an act of dirty, treacherous cowardice for which there is no adequate expression of contempt in the English language. Butler at least only turns up those who interfere with his business of boodling, with those who are, as he conceives it, his enemies, but Turner plunges into public disgrace the men with whom, every day, he broke bread and clinked glasses. Butler does things because, probably, he doesn't know any better, but Turner, a man who has had the opportunities that are supposed to make a gentleman—if a silk purse ever can be made out of a sow's ear—sins against the light. He boodies and boodles bunglingly. He violates the law, and, in so doing, is as bad as Butler, and then, to save himself, turns up evidence that stains the names of men whose chief offending lies in the fact that they were his associates and companions. The MIRROR does not particularly like Ed. Butler, but, as a choice between evils, it would prefer Ed. Butler to Charles H. Turner at almost any time. If Butler should go "over the road," Turner should go handcuffed to him, for if Butler betrays his fellow boodlers, Turner betrays both the boodlers and his friends. The public, too, will make excuses for Butler, whereas it can find none for Turner or for any man of the vicious wealthy class in St. Louis that is represented by persons like Turner or the late Deane Cooper. The Grand Jury should get Butler, but it should also get Turner and his kind.

The investigation should go on and it should "play no favorites." It will be especially bad if Judge Ryan's advice be ignored and the inquisitors lend themselves to efforts to use the inquisition for political effect or to further factional designs in either party. The machinery of the courts must not become part of the political machinery. The two morning papers are endeavoring to make political capital out of the inquiry into boodling and this is against public policy. Butler should not be indicted for his politics, but for his acts as an individual, and Butler should not be permitted to turn the investigation into an engine for the discrediting of Mr. Hawes with whom he is at war. The *Globe-Democrat* is guilty of atrocious conduct in endeavoring to identify the present city administration with Butler's bragging of his superior ability as a boodler. The *Republic* makes a mistake when it passes from perfectly legitimate denunciation of Butler, the franchise broker, and begins to play politics so as to affect the political fortunes of men in no way identified with him. Both the morning papers, and in fact all the dailies, seem to be concerned chiefly to write all around the subject and to say everything except a word of specific condemnation of Turner, the capitalist, social leader, member of an old family, as much of a self-confessed corruptionist as Ed. Butler and, above all things else, a man who sacrificed his friends with as much *savoir faire*, to say nothing of *sang froid*, as characterized his attempt corruptly to buy for \$135,000 rights that were worth \$2,000,000. The MIRROR believes that the Turners and the Butlers are "equally noble brothers." It believes that they both represent equally the evil of corruption. According to the code of political honor there is no choice, but as between a blacksmith, who fights for his

rights as a boodle monopolist and crushes all who compete with him, and a "gentleman," who entraps and betrays his friends to public contempt and scorn, the former would be the preferable associate. There is but one Butler. There are a dozen Turners in this town who are socially distinguished and personally and politically corrupt. The Turner class uses Butler to corrupt poor men in order that the Turner class may wax fat and rich upon the use of public utilities. There should be no distinction between boodlers. A striped suit and a close hair-cut would as well become Turner as Butler.

SECRETARY SHAW; A STUDY.

BY JOHN H. RAFTERY.

I AM prompted to write about Leslie Mortimer Shaw, the new Secretary of the Treasury, because it was my fortune to meet him for the first time at the very period when he began to loom into National prominence. It was on President McKinley's tour of the Northwest, in 1899, that Gov. Shaw won from the Chief Executive not only an extraordinary degree of political admiration, but such demonstrations of sudden personal esteem as the great Ohioan seldom vouchsafed even to his political friends.

It was a year later, Dec. 12, 1900, that Gov. Shaw made his famous speech, at Washington, on the occasion of the hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the seat of Federal Government at that place, and, though his topic was one demanding facts, statistics, and scientific details anent the development of the States, his oration was both rhetorically and logically the event of that symposium of great orators. On that occasion the President said that Mr. Shaw was the only speaker he had ever heard who could "make poetry of statistics."

I am choosing that encomium because it is something of an epitome of the Iowan's odd greatness and because the occasion of it fully introduced him into the arena of National politics. It was then a twelve-month since McKinley had begun his measurement of Shaw and it was shared, I believe, by every member of the Cabinet, most of whom were then meeting him, hearing him and knowing him for the first time. Lyman J. Gage, then Secretary of the Treasury, was one of the party and himself so strikingly in contrast with Shaw as an orator that one might readily suspect him of an ability to reverse the Shaw method and "turn poetry into statistics." Allison of the Department of Agriculture, Root, Hitchcock, Long, Griggs,—they were all on that junket and, with the exception of McKinley and Secretary Griggs, the most mediocre company of orators that ever tried to spell-bind the keen and humorous Western mind.

Mr. Roosevelt first came to know Mr. Shaw well upon the famous tour of the Presidential campaign of 1900, when he swung through Iowa making campaign speeches for the McKinley-Roosevelt ticket. Everybody knows what an impression the Iowan's speeches made upon him, but everybody does not know that it was Shaw's engaging personality, his gentle forcefulness, his wholesome yet irresistible humor, his depth and scope of learning, his application of the humanities to finance, to war, to expansion, to every question of politics, that made the deepest impression upon the now President.

Conscious as he must be of the effect of his words, his manner and his methods upon big audiences, I am quite sure Mr. Shaw is a bit impatient of his reputation as "an orator." On the platform he seems purposely to eschew all the stock tricks and subterfuges of the spell-binder. The "jolly" story, the far-fetched joke, the posing, the elocutionary pyrotechnics, the acting that have made Bourke Cockran, Webster Davis, Ben Tillman and other public speakers famous and sometimes ridiculous, are unpracticed by Shaw. His intensely quaint and witty yarns seem essential to his arguments, his rare jokes snap and vanish like flash-lights that intensify his impressions, his seldom gestures seem part of the irresistible impulse of his argument and his talk is so sequential, so innocent of assumption, devoid of bitterness and full of reason that it always "reads" quite as convincingly as it sounds.

In private he has the aloof and modest habits of the student. I have seen him sitting for an hour in the company of men like Jonathan P. Dolliver, Knute Nelson, of Minnesota, Tom Carter, of Montana—all fluent conversationalists and famous story-tellers—without saying ten words. He never tells a story for its own sake, though he responds quickly to the comic yarn well related. But let the conversation turn upon matters of moment and he is "in it" horse, foot and artillery. Then he has wit and fancy and fact abundantly and—rarest of all—the story apropos. It may be news to many and, incidentally, a "hunch" to the funny man whose political fortunes may encourage him to "get gay" with President Roosevelt, to say right here that, with all his breezy bluntness, with all his love for a good story and all his camaraderie, the Man in the White House will not "stand for" a smutty joke or an off-color yarn. He will not shy at an oath, one of those unctuous, emphatic oaths that sometimes spring from the lips of strenuous men, but the "nasty" story so frequent and so favored among politicians of the professional type! No! No! Roosevelt don't like 'em. This may seem apart from a study of Leslie M. Shaw, but I mention it because it is an aversion shared by the new Secretary who is, withal, something of a humorist and much of a raconteur, quite as quick at "getting back" in badinage or debate as the President himself.

The look of serene weariness that is noticed upon Mr. Shaw's thin face is doubtless expressive of the attitude of his ambitions, for it has been a wearing, engrossing five-years since the Boy Orator of the Platte forced him into the political arena by that famous challenge, at Denison, at the beginning of the campaign of '96. His speech in answer to Bryan on the monetary issue swept Shaw into the Governorship of Iowa, but when the time came for him to gratify his only admitted political ambition by supplanting Senator Gear, he refused to stand in the way of his old friend, choosing rather to help send him back to his old seat in the Senate. When the old one died he appointed his young friend, Dolliver, and then finally determined to give up his never mighty desire to serve his State in the Upper House at Washington.

Mr. Shaw's public service has differed in many ways from that of many of his contemporaries and not least in the manner of his "giving up." He has given up no money, for he never had much. He abandoned a growing and prospectively lucrative law practice to serve Iowa as Governor; he twice gave up his ambition to go to the Senate and, instead, gave benefits to friends who were, he thought, more effective for his party. His heart was set upon retiring to his home as soon as Governor-elect Cummins was inaugurated, but when Governor Crane, of Massachusetts, for reasons of personal inconvenience, declined the financial portfolio, Governor Shaw again gave up his plans and yielded to the earnest importunities of President Roosevelt.

The only outcry that has been made against his appointment has but emphasized the rare kindness of his nature. He has been charged with too free a use of his pardoning power as Governor. It is quite true that he has been generous in this matter, as he has been generous in others. In Iowa there are bigots who have protested against the pardon of notorious offenders, but in every instance in which they brought their clamors to his ears he has astonished and silenced them by showing them letters, promises and compacts proving his personal acquaintance with the changed lives and methods of the unfortunates whom he sought to tame by gentleness, to reform by better opportunities. Himself deeply religious, he has but little patience with the zealots who cry final condemnation upon the fallen, and in his broad estimate of law there is a sure predominance of that mercy whose quality is not strained.

I should think he would be a good influence in Washington life, without regard to his eminent fitness to succeed the great financier who was his predecessor. American self-respect will lose nothing by contrasting him, plain Westerner of small means and much simplicity, with the rich, astute and impressive Chicagoan whom he succeeds.

The new Secretary may not shine in the clubs, nor junket in the fashion, nor turn all poetry, all history, all effort, all ambition into statistics. But he will do what Americans of the old and of the new regime can afford to do. He will live modestly with his good family at home; he will go to church; he will work; he will say great things and write greater; he will have an eye to the poor, of whom he is one; perhaps he will make out reports which, if not poetry, will be so readable and so understandable that the man who works with his hands may know that they refer to him also.

I think it will be fine to watch this native Vermonter, who grew up in the West, put the savory, gentle, wholesome breeze of Iowa to blowing over those imposing, unpoetical, terrible and yet inescapable Treasury transactions.

FROM THE NATION'S CAPITAL.

BY ASBESTOS.

Democratic Hopes

THE Democrats have been playing some pretty good politics lately and if they will only keep up their lick they soon will have the Republicans in a hole with the sides soaped and no ladder in sight. The Democrats have, with the assistance of the beet-sugar Republicans, compelled the Republicans to report a bill removing all the special war-revenue taxes which were imposed on the people when we started to thrash Spain. It was not the intention of the Republicans to do this just yet. There was really no one, except the brewers, clamoring for the removal of the internal revenue taxes, imposed for war purposes, and there was a decided demand from many sources that the Congress of this country keep its word and do something for the people of Cuba in the way of reciprocal trade relations, in order to place that new republic on its feet financially and help it along until it could stand alone. In the face of this solemn promise to help Cuba, the Republican majority of the Committee on Ways and Means deliberately turns down the proposition and instead gives to the country the reduction of the special war taxes. While the Democrats wanted this done and were working for it, they also wanted to help Cuba and give her reciprocity at this session. The Republican members from the States of Nebraska, Michigan and California, however, scared the Republican majority of the Ways and Means Committee into a duck-fit and compelled them to abandon Cuba and do something that would look like they were helping the people at home first. The Republicans of the Committee were told by the beet-sugar people, of the three States named above, that if Cuban reciprocity were voted at this time there would not be a single Republican member of Congress elected from those States next fall. This rattled the Republicans so that they were compelled to accede to the Democratic demands to remove every vestige of the war taxes. Now, the Democrats are going home and claim credit, and justly, for the removal of the war taxes. They then are going to compel the Senate to report a bill to give Cuba reciprocity. If the Democrats don't do it the Administration will. The Administration is pledged to this and there is now a man in the White House who believes in keeping his pledges regardless of any and all consequences. If the Senate passes this bill for Cuban relief, as it now is believed is certain, there are enough Republicans in the House who have a "lead pipe cinch" on their jobs, to vote with the Democrats and pass it there. Then the beet-sugar people can make good their threats to annihilate the Republicans in the three States of Michigan, Nebraska and California. Those three States, at the present time, are nearly solidly Republican in their Congressional delegations, and, combined, they have twenty-five votes. If the threat of the beet-sugar people is made good, that alone would almost give the next House to the Democrats. Since the Democrats begin to see victory in sight they have quit their petty squabbles among themselves and have gone to work to accomplish something. If some populist and perspiring patriot does not kick all the fat in the fire before this session

ends they have a very good chance to control the next House. It is a fact that neither party, since the war between the States, has ever succeeded itself in the House immediately following a census and a reapportionment of the Congressional districts of the country. It also is a fact that the leaders of the Republican party in the Senate are not averse to having a Democratic House of Representatives elected in 1902. They feel that the next National campaign will be one that will try out the g. o. p., for the chances are that the Democratic party will not make the idiotic mistake of holding on to all the populist ideas advocated in the two preceding campaigns and will nominate a good and conservative man who will be acceptable to the business interests of the country. If so, they will need all the money they can get for that campaign and a Democratic House would scare the big, rich Republicans and make them give up more generously. The Republicans in this Congress are going to "monkey" with the Southern representation in Congress and in Republican National Conventions, and that is going to be a very unpopular proceeding.

Dubois and the Army

THE debate in the Senate on the Philippine tariff bill is productive of some very good speeches and some rather dramatic incidents, as it proceeds from day to day. The tilts between Spooner and Tillman and between Lodge and Teller have been exciting and interesting. Senator Dubois, of Idaho, has jumped into the arena and thrown some raw meat into the animals' cage in the shape of a remark, anent the criticisms of the minority report of the Philippine tariff bill, by General Wheaton, now in command in the Philippines, to the effect that General Wheaton probably was some charity boy appointed to West Point by some member of Congress and who had since been supported by the Government. That is considered by all the army people as a direct slap at them and they are now standing on their hind legs and wildly waving their ears in rage. Some of their fool friends in the press of the East have said that for actual service the military academy at West Point has the better of the United States Senate in what it has done for the country. There is no desire on the part of anybody to disparage West Point, for of all the military schools of Europe there is not one which rivals West Point in thoroughness of training or efficiency of output, but why institute a comparison between that school and the United States Senate? The trouble is that there are a lot of cheap men in the army who wear more gold lace on their coats than they do gray matter under their hats. It is they who are making all the noise. So far as Senator Dubois is concerned, he is not losing any sleep over this thing. Dubois is going to take a leading part in this debate. He is not an orator, but there are two things for which he is distinguished and they are the accuracy of his judgment in a political fight and his pertinacity. He is a natural political manager, never gets weary of a political fight. The more difficulties multiply the more active becomes his mind in devising means of surmounting them. He is wonderfully resourceful in planning attack and defense, and warms up with action. Keeness of wit, bitterness of attack and forensic eloquence make no impression on him—he is absolutely without emotion when in a fight. He moves quietly about, meditating and contriving, and when a move is made by the opposition he nearly always is ready for it. He is never off duty and never subject to surprise in a new quarter.

The Haughty Hale

ANOTHER man who will soon get into this fight on the Republican side, although he does not entirely indorse the report of the majority on this Philippine question, is Senator Hale, of Maine. Hale is one of the most gifted and one of the most unpopular men in the Senate. He is self-indulgent and, therefore, not a great leader, but when he appears at his best he is masterful and brilliant. But for his apparent vanity and contempt for all men and things outside himself, he would be liked. Those who like him least,

however, cannot help admiring his ability. His equipment is splendid. He is possessed of the broadest information, is as quick as lightning at retort, has a wit that is brilliantly cynical and has a gift of acid eloquence that most men are afraid of. He is almost as caustic as Ingalls, though more refined in his acerbity. His views are unusually broad, for a New Englander, and he has more courage than kindliness. Though a partisan, he sometimes stands alone, defiant of all the power of the Senate, his own party leaders with the rest. With less cunning, he has as much quickness in parliamentary moves as Aldrich, of Rhode Island, the master of tactics. It will be delightful to see him pitted against Carmack, of Tennessee, and Patterson, of Colorado.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 2.

CARL AHRENS, MYSTIC PAINTER.

BY MICHAEL MONAHAN.

IN the little village of Willink, which adjoins the somewhat celebrated East Aurora, in Erie County, New York State, there lives a man with whom I am convinced the world that finds its concern in art will have its future account.

This man is by name Carl Ahrens.

The discovery of true genius is a task fraught with peril and uncertainty. Many a prophet has been discredited in attempting to identify it. Elusive in its nature as the lightning of the summer cloud, that is gone ere one can say, "it lightens," the man who shall presume to map its errant course must be strongly grounded in faith and prescience. Ability of this sort is of the rarest, as a thousand errors of biography attest. Few are they who can lay claim to the divining-rod of the prophet. Though bidden, the water will not gush and the world's eternal desire is again and again disappointed.

Happily, my present task is not beset with such peril and difficulty. I do not announce Carl Ahrens a discovery. His work is already known, though to a necessarily limited circle; but this circle makes up in devotion and artistic intelligence what it lacks in numbers.

The man who should attempt to exploit Carl Ahrens would be doing him a poor service. He needs no puffery. He could not be written up any more than he could be written down. He must stand or fall by the measure of his artistic performance. In the judgment of the competent critics, this is already considerable in quantity and in quality of high value. There are not a few who believe that the future will rank this man among the greatest of landscape painters.

Myself an humble practitioner of a sister art, I am moved to write of Carl Ahrens because (if that were any matter) I believe in his fine genius, and also because I know of his heroic struggle against the bitter odds—a struggle that, alas! continues down to this day. Let me tell a little about this life which we shall hazard nothing by affirming is destined to illustrate the history of American art.

Carl Ahrens was born of Danish and Scotch parentage, thirty-eight years ago, at the town of Winfield, sixty miles northwest of Toronto, Canada. His parents were of good stock, but money was no part of their inheritance. Young Ahrens led a hard life in the Canadian Northwest until he had past his twentieth year. It will not do to say, without reservation, that this was scarcely an ideal training for a landscape painter. The boy learned the woods and this knowledge he regards as the most valuable part of his artistic equipment. As appears in his mature work, his instinct for nature is the *primum mobile* of his artistic conception. He became a true pathfinder or rather was born so.

Speaking to me the other day he said: "You couldn't lose me in the woods, though I have easily gone astray in the streets of New York. In the Northwest I have found my way where men have wandered for days and finally perished. A man, especially a painter, who can't go to the woods, at least mentally, is lost." And his sad smile told

the story how, for more than a year, a cruel disability has nailed him to his couch or chair.

Carl Ahrens picked up the technique of his art in the usual miraculous fashion common to men of power. He has been painting for fifteen years and first exhibited his work in Canada twelve years ago. He was not, however, without competent instruction, although he has frittered away very little time in professional art studies. Indeed, he was a painter before he knew anything about the bookish theoretic of art. Yet to those who are suspicious as to heaven-born genius, unaided by traditional discipline and instruction, it may be here confided that Ahrens had masters no less distinguished than William Chase, the painter, and F. Edwin Elwell, the sculptor, both of New York. There is little doubt, also, that he has strongly felt the influence of Inness, greatest of American landscape painters, with whom he was in cordial personal relations for some years before the master's death. His own best work exhibits the same insight into color-values, the same vigor and freedom of conception. Perhaps it is not too much to say that growing years and power will make of him a greater Inness.

Now the small-beer critics make much account of names in their patter, and so when young Ahrens gave his second exhibition, under the auspices of the Ontario Society of Artists, in Toronto, some twelve years ago, there was the usual haste to catalogue and "relate" him. With one voice the local critics agreed that he was an imitator of the Barbizon school, and they were at great pains to show how he had striven to reproduce the imitable features of Millet, Diaz, Daubigny and the rest. Before it was learned that young Ahrens had never seen a single example of the Barbizon school, Mr. G. A. Reid, the eminent Canadian painter, was telling how young Ahrens rushed in upon him, furious with anger, and demanded, shaking a newspaper in his face, "Who in hell is Millet?"

The Canadian artistic colony were to know more of Ahrens, and soon he was elected an associate of the Royal Canadian Academy. Honorable recognition was not long delayed. His picture, "Cradled in the Net," a figure study, was given the place of honor in the Royal Canadian Academy's exhibit, held at Ottawa. It was then purchased by a wealthy family of Toronto, and was subsequently shown at the World's Fair, in Chicago.

But it was as a colorist and landscape painter that Ahrens was to compel the reluctant chorus of critical approval. He soon abandoned water colors and figure studies, finding his true *metier* in the depiction of those aspects of wild nature to which he brought all the love and mystery of his long apprenticeship in the Canadian woods.

Upon exhibiting some pictures exemplifying the true spirit of his art, a Canadian critic wrote: "Mr. Ahrens' theories of art are blended with a deeply spiritual mysticism which has derived much from Swedenborg and his doctrine of correspondences. Mr. Ahrens believes that what is in ourselves is to be discovered in nature and nothing else. The artist can create the lights and shadows of the soul and clothe the outer world in radiance or in gloom, as the mood may dictate. His painting, 'The House in the Clearing,' a country home at nightfall, clustered round with trees, grows weird in the mystic intensity of the dream-world of which it speaks. At first no strong color may be distinguished, but gradually the most vivid and translucent tints grow up out of the mists and shadows and give a profound, though tender, sense of depth and sweetness."

Another critic declared—and this we believe the future will make good: "Carl Ahrens stands by himself in landscape."

In Canada the rewards of art are not many or large and the *res angusta domi* drove Ahrens to seek other than academic emoluments. A contributory circumstance was the envy of the Canadian artistic clique, committed to old methods and ideals, and resolutely intolerant of anything without a prescriptive sanction. It was this same Philistine spirit which exiled Horatio Walker and George De Forest Brush, names now eminent in the art world of America. Ahrens removed with his wife, his cousin, Miss Douglass,

herself a promising painter, and his young family to Western New York, less than two years ago, attracted by some promises which soon failed of realization. A far worse misfortune befell him in the recurrence of an old malady, a disease of the hip, which long threatened his life and which has confined him to his bed for nearly a twelve-month. This, indeed, is almost death to Ahrens who, unable to go to his beloved woods, fails of the inspiration which is his artistic life. Yet in the intervals of pain and sickness his brush has not been idle, and, most happy for those dependent upon him, his work has obtained high and even profitable recognition. Some of his canvases, such as "The Woodland Road," "A Canadian Landscape," "The Ferry" and "The Night Express," have been awarded due appreciation by the connoisseurs of New York, and it is significant that a few of the best have been purchased by artists. Ahrens' work is shown by Macbeth at his private gallery on Fifth avenue.

The artist is now slowly regaining his health, though, perhaps, he will never recover the full use of his limbs. In talking with him one cannot fail to be impressed by his deeply religious conception of his art. With nothing of the egotist in his make-up, he believes that he is the custodian of a divine power. To watch his strong face and glowing eyes—the true Viking type—under the influence of this high faith and emotion, is to see a finer picture than, perhaps, even he has yet painted.

"THE IMITATOR."

BY HOWARD V. SUTHERLAND.

A BOOK has just been issued from the publishing house of Mr. William Marion Reedy, editor of the St. Louis MIRROR, which bids fair to become known as one of the best bearing the imprint of the year 1901. When the dozens of over-advertised "sellers" are rotting in their gaudy shrouds and forgotten, this book will have won its way into prominence, having gained, by virtue of its finished style and the originality of its plot, if not the unthinking host, at least the consideration of those who count, and who are not ashamed to peruse again and again such literature as constitutes the best. In promising for "The Imitator" the approval of intelligent and appreciative readers, and an ever-growing interest, I do so confidently, although I am absolutely in the dark as to who is the author. "The Imitator" is an anonymous production; were it not for this fact, and were it not for a couple of minor defects in the treatment of the opening and the closing of the motif of the story, there would be absolutely nothing at which the most exacting of critics could sound the note of regret.

The majority of us have sometimes wished we might "see others as they see themselves;" that we might know more of a man than he chooses to reveal; that we could inform ourselves as to his soul, and become possessed of such of his secrets as are never whispered in the confessionals of the world. Robert Louis Stevenson treated of the quality of a man's nature, but he informed us through the medium of the man himself. He thought of no such complications as does the ingenious author of "The Imitator" who makes it possible for Orson Vane to acquire the individuality of whomsoever he wishes, and who does this in such a perfectly natural manner that the telling thereof is immensely superior to that of the other tale. For this expression of opinion my brother critics will undoubtedly reach for their little blood-bespattered clubs; but in defense of the assertion I would request them to read chapter five, and then consider whether the acquiring of *Hart's* personality by Orson Vane is not one of the finest pieces of effect writing in our language?

To tell how this is done is not in my province. It would spoil the story for those who may order the volume of their bookseller, and it would become necessary for me to use more space than is at my disposal. But while I may not describe, I can recommend, and do so heartily. The appearance of a good book is so infrequent that when one does arrive attention should be called to it. It is my honest opinion that "The Imitator" is one of the most thoughtful novels this country has produced; that it is the work of a man whose brains are elsewhere than in his finger-tips;

that it is finished enough to be considered a classic, and that in the course of time it will take place side by side with Robert Louis Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

From the San Francisco Star.

THE PERIL OF TOO MUCH CREDIT.

BY FRANCIS A. HUTER.

THERE is some misgiving, in conservative financial circles, in reference to the undue expansion of credit in the last three years. The New York Associated Banks rendered a statement, some days ago, which showed that their loans are considerably in excess of the amount reported a year ago. It had been commonly assumed that liquidation in the speculative markets since May last had reduced liabilities very materially. It is, therefore, no wonder that uneasiness is being expressed about this constant enlargement of loans, and that some banks are disposed to scrutinize collateral more carefully. Too much is being done on credit, or borrowed money.

When Harriman testified before the Interstate Commerce Commission recently, he admitted that the Union Pacific had bought about \$78,000,000 of Northern Pacific stock last year, during the wild boom, with borrowed capital, and issued certificates of indebtedness to the lenders. It seems that Union Pacific authorities have learned a thing or two from Missouri's financial jugglers. Harriman also stated that the stock was sold again, under the Northern Securities arrangements, and at pecuniary profits to the Union Pacific. This proves, of course, that large corporations are buying and selling stocks with the expectation of making profits, just like any petty, miserable, hand-to-mouth trader in Wall street would do. In the Union Pacific case, the speculative transaction did not create any special harm, at least not up to this time, although it may yet "return to plague the inventor." It is to be presumed, or rather known, that some other big concerns are making speculative turns in stocks of rivals, under the convenient guise of self-preservation. As long as no serious results follow, very few will care to raise a howl about it. But, some day, things will not end so smoothly, and then the modern Napoleons of finance will have a tough job on hand.

It is now surmised that foreign creditors have consented to a renewal of loans made to us, which fell due a few weeks ago. This probably accounts for the steady expansion in loans. Besides this, there are rumors of a few more big financial "deals" to be engineered soon. In anticipation of this, and also as a matter of precaution, the Morgan-Harriman-Rockefeller-Vanderbilt cliques are now trying to consolidate their finances. They are buying up banks and trust companies in various large cities in order to get a better grip on the situation and on the pockets of the Nation. Trust companies are especially in demand and selling at fancy figures. The reason for this is that the methods of running a trust company are more elastic and speculative. Trust company reserves are permitted to run down to a very low level. It is different with well-managed banks, but, of course, well-managed banks are not much in favor these days. Modern financiers do not care a rap for reserves and the nature of collateral. They seem to think that the more you lend out, irrespective of limits of safety, the better it will be in the end. Such are the new-fangled, twentieth century ideas.

There are, for instance, the trust companies of New York State. They issued their reports recently and gave figures that almost stagger belief. Their loans amount to the fine total of \$582,000,000, which compares with \$427,000,000 a year ago. This is equivalent to an increase of \$155,000,000. These trust companies have \$111,000,000 additional deposited, mostly with national banks, but their actual cash on hand amounts to but \$9,858,700, or about 1¼ per cent. of all deposits. Just think of such a state of affairs! If there were to be a genuine, old-fashioned scare, and a sudden contraction of credit, many of those trust companies would have a hard time trying to keep their heads above water. The report of the country's

national banks, issued a few weeks ago, contained equally startling figures.

It is, of course, not necessary to go into hysterics about the matter. Nor is there any immediate necessity why one should sniff panic in the air, but there is, undoubtedly, sufficient reason to sail close to the wind and to look out for the breakers. As long as prosperity continues, and nothing occurs to instill distrust, the financial onward march will continue. But it is certainly time for our leading financiers to stop going on expanding and expanding. Credit may be stretched for a long time, and to a most foolish extent, without harm, but the bursting point will eventually be reached, if the tension is not relaxed.

A moderate reduction in loans would be beneficial all around and prolong industrial and financial health. The National wealth should be allowed to catch up with credit expansion. A continuance of this break-neck, fool policy will surely end in disaster. Prices of commodities and securities in the United States are very high, higher than they should be. They are utterly unreasonable, in many instances, and maintained by sheer force and manipulation. In Europe, on the other hand, everything is very cheap. An adjustment is thus made inevitable and bound to set in sooner or later. Shrewd speculators are selling their holdings of American securities and investing in European issues, which may be had on the bargain-counter. They are acting wisely. The longer the adjustment is postponed, the more violent it will be when it becomes an urgent necessity. American money is being tied up in inflated stuff and the United States is made the dumping-ground for other countries. This is certainly not a sound state of affairs.

The distended loan account has had a few more pernicious, dangerous results. It has resulted in more demand for money; this has, in turn, compelled the National Treasury to come to the rescue with propositions to buy Government bonds. The consequence of this has been a cornering of bonds for the purpose of forcing the Government to pay outrageously high prices. The financial riggers found it advisable even to reduce the amount of national bank notes in circulation, so as to be able to withdraw Government bonds deposited with the Treasury and sell them at big profit. A reduction of war-taxes is expected to afford relief to some extent, but the relief will be only temporary. This business of purchasing bonds at ridiculous prices appears to be a repetition, in different form, of the endless chain system, which caused such an upheaval in 1893, 1894 and 1895. The man who will bring system and form out of the prevailing chaos will make a name for himself.

A CARDINAL ON WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

BY ALICE STONE BLACKWELL.

CARDINAL GIBBONS in his contribution to the *Ladies' Home Journal* against equal rights women and women who are devoted to clubs and to "society," seems to think these are one and the same set of women, and he blames them for much domestic unhappiness and divorce.

Whatever harm may be done to the home by excessive indulgence in society or in club work, none at all is done to it by equal rights for women. In Wyoming, full suffrage was granted in 1869. During the twenty years from 1870 to 1890, divorce in the United States at large increased about three times as fast as the population. In the group of Western States, omitting Wyoming, it increased nearly four times as fast as the population. In Wyoming it increased only about half as fast as the population. In a case like this, an ounce of fact is worth a ton of theory.

Dr. Fernand Deschamps, secretary of the Sociological Society of Belgium, lately came to this country to investigate woman suffrage. He is a Catholic. He talked with Archbishop Ireland, who told him that equal suffrage in the Western States worked well, and with Cardinal Gibbons, who told him it worked badly. "When the Cardinal said that, I smiled inwardly," said Dr. Deschamps, "for I

had just come back from the equal suffrage States, and I knew better." He had visited Wyoming, Colorado, Utah and Kansas, and had questioned many Catholic priests, as well as men of other denominations, lawyers and doctors, and men and women in many different walks of life. "In all my investigations," he said, "I found only two persons who said that equal suffrage had had any bad effect upon the family. Those were one Catholic priest and one German saloon-keeper. Even in Utah the Catholic Bishop told me that while woman suffrage was rather contrary to his feelings, as a matter of sentiment, yet he must acknowledge that he had never known or heard of any harm resulting from it."

THE ISTHMIAN CANAL TANGLE.

BY LOUIS F. POST.

(From the Chicago Public.)

THE Isthmian canal tangle is one which the ordinary citizen cannot unravel. The solution of the problem depends upon superiority of routes, and over this question even the omniscient and infallible newspapers are in confusion. How can common folks hope to form sound opinions when their great organs of opinion are at a loss?

Such a question can be properly determined, of course, only by experts possessed of special knowledge. Though the people are more competent than any expert to pass upon the desirability of an Isthmian canal, they are not as good judges of details. In this, as in all other matters of common concern, an intelligent public opinion is the safer guide as to the general principle involved, the general direction to pursue, the general object to be attained, the general policy to adopt; but experts must be called in to select and adjust the particular means. Right there is the difficulty in the Isthmian canal case. Such vast private interests are at stake that the experts are liable to be influenced, or, at any rate, are distrusted. It is doubtless true that the whole controversy over routes—Nicaragua versus Panama—has been raised, and is kept alive, by the trans-continental railway ring, which now controls trans-Isthmian commerce and is averse to any undertaking that would open the way for free competition with its continental lines of railway. By bringing on the controversy this ring hopes to prevent the construction of any canal.

The differences between the Nicaragua and the Panama routes are marked enough to offer an easy problem to disinterested and incorruptible experts. One route is over a mountain by means of many locks, and would require perennial expenditures on a large scale. The other is through a cut at sea level. The former is longer than the latter, from terminus to terminus; and it has not been constructed at all, while its competitor is partially constructed and the whole outfit can be bought for a small sum. If these were the only facts, no expert would be necessary. The Panama route would obviously be preferable and the people themselves could select. But other factors enter in. There are large political considerations: one route lies in Nicaragua and the other in Colombia. There are peculiar physical considerations: though the Nicaragua canal would cross a mountain, the difficulties of construction would be materially lessened by a river flowing down to the coast and a large lake at the summit. There are considerations of distance: though the Panama canal would be shorter than the Nicaragua, it would be further south and therefore more difficult of access from the world's trade centers. Considerations of the comparative healthfulness of the two locations also enter in, with many less obvious points. All these conflicting considerations make it impossible for any but well-informed experts to fix the route intelligently; but to such experts, those considerations—the corrupting influence of private interests apart—should not present a serious problem. Be that as it may, however, in the nature of the case experts must decide. The people cannot. Neither can Congress. That body is

no more competent, as a body, to solve problems of detail than the people themselves would be.

What Congress can do and should do is to pass upon the general questions in the case. As a popular body, representing the intelligence of the people and nothing more, its function is mainly to decide the question of building an Isthmian canal, to determine whether it shall be a private enterprise or a public work, and to fix general limitations. The details it should leave to special workmen, authorizing their employment in a manner calculated to secure fidelity, which can best be done by concentrating responsibility for results where the sense of responsibility is likely to be keenest. These views being sound, the existing controversy over the Isthmian canal ought to be speedily settled. It may be assumed by Congress that an Isthmian canal is really wanted. Most of the newspapers say it is wanted. For three centuries or more the subject has been agitated; Congress is already virtually agreed that the American people demand it; and the desirability of piercing a strip of land so narrow as the Isthmus, which forces ships plying between the Atlantic and the Pacific to go thousands of miles out of their way, around the farthest point of South America, is too evident for serious discussion. The next question relates to the kind of thoroughfare the canal shall be—whether a private lane like our trans-continental railroads, or an open highway like the oceans. That point also is removed from honest discussion. Few favor the private highway, and none defend it for any but private reasons. A private highway is an incongruity, both in words and sense. All that remains, then, for Congress to do is to authorize the construction and maintenance by the Federal Government of a public waterway through the Isthmus, fixing such general limitations and making such general provisions as may be necessary or appropriate, and to invest the President with the authority and impose upon him the responsibility for the details of route selection and canal construction.

If that were done, the President would be obliged, of course, to rely upon experts. He could not do the work personally. But having the power of employment and discharge he would be responsible for the ability and fidelity of the experts he chose. If they were privately interested, or gave way to corruption, he would be accountable to the people; and the consciousness of this undivided responsibility would tend to the intensification of his own probity and vigilance. There would be danger, to be sure, of corruption, which in some of its subtler forms might penetrate even into the White House. But when the personal integrity of the President cannot be trusted, whose can be? And it must not be forgotten that the danger of corruption cannot be wholly avoided, no matter what is done. So long as we foster gigantic private interests at the expense of public rights, we must recognize corruption as one of the ever-present factors in all public problems. The remedy is not to depart from common sense methods of managing public affairs, in order to head off corrupting influences. The less common sense there is in the method, the easier for those influences to creep in. The remedy really needed is the withdrawal from private and corporate hands of all the public favors which build up private interests in hostility to the legitimate interests of the public.

Consider this point in the light of the Isthmian canal controversy. In normal circumstances there would be nothing to the controversy but the impotent influences of a badly crippled foreign corporation owning the unfinished Panama canal and anxious to sell out cheap, on one side, and on the other, the equally impotent influences of a speculative company hoping in vain to be subsidized to build and own a canal on the Nicaragua route. A typical Tammany alderman could almost be trusted to decide such a controversy for the public good. But note the difference when a powerful railway interest injects itself into the problem. It owns all the highways across the continent. Not only the rails and ties and locomotives, but the rights of way. By this modern species of highwaymanship the ring is supreme in power, when its interests are involved. Its interests are involved in the Isthmian canal

project. At present it commands the Isthmus. It owns the Isthmian railroad and it subsidizes the Isthmian steamers. There is, therefore, no competition with it save the insignificant competition of tramp vessels that go around the Horn. But if a public canal were cut through the Isthmus, the shipping of the world would compete for freight traffic with this trans-continental railroad ring. Is it any wonder that corruption is rife, and that powerful influences are at work to prevent the construction of a canal, or, if one be constructed, to make it a failure?

How simple a thing it would be to annihilate that pernicious influence, not only for this occasion, but for all occasions. Its power is due, as we have already said, not to rails and ties and cars and locomotives, but to rights of way. They belong of right to the public. Unless the Government owns them, the private owners will own the Government. Private highways are an anachronism. Let the Government take them back for the people, to whom they belong, and who cannot justly be divested of them. This is even more important than an Isthmian canal, and for other purposes besides the destruction of a powerful corrupting influence. The canal is intended, in the commercial aspects of the project, to make a thoroughfare for competition with the railroads. That would not be necessary if the railroad rights of way were returned to the people from whom they have been taken, for railroad trains would then compete with one another. Just as private vessels may sail through the public canal, so could private freight cars roll over the public railway. And why should this resumption, by the public, of the public highways not be made? Can any Isthmian canal advocate explain why it is Government business to open and own a water highway across the Isthmus, operating locks if necessary, and not Government business to open and own a rail highway across the continent, regulating time tables and operating switches as required?

MORE CARNEGIE HOT AIR.

THE INCREASED COST OF LIVING.

THE article entitled "Carnegie Hot Air," in the MIRROR of January 23d, in which the editor took issue with the great philanthropist's assertion that every man in this country who is sober and capable and has a good wife can attain a competency, has produced many letters of approval. Carnegie has talked a great deal of late, but the public seems to take what he says at a gulp, without thinking. The crowd accepts his philosophy much as a lot of poor relations laugh at the joke of the rich member of the family. Because Carnegie gives the people money, the people think that he is an indisputable oracle. Fact is, Carnegie talks twaddle every time he opens his mouth: he misrepresents conditions; he hopes, evidently, to promote optimism by falsehoods about the facts. Because Carnegie has made \$250,000,000 it doesn't follow that all wisdom is his. The great success he has made in one field does not entitle him to claim infallibility in all fields. Mr. Carnegie doubtless means well. Doubtless, also, he believes all the things he says, but his optimistic utterances as to the poor man's opportunity in this country are not borne out by the facts. Recently Mr. Carnegie delivered an address before the railroad branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, in which he said that "it is one of the most cheering facts of our day that, under present conditions, the wages of labor tend to rise and the prices of the necessities of life tend to fall."

The Chicago Record-Herald takes up that assertion and proceeds promptly to smash it to smithereens. That paper admits that there has been a rise in wages, undoubtedly, but says that recently compiled statistics do not sustain the second half of Mr. Carnegie's statement. On the contrary, figures carefully compiled for *Dun's Review* show that there has been a remarkable advance in the price of the necessities of life since July 1, 1897, when they reached the lowest level in fourteen years. In making the following computations the average per capita consumption is

given in the money value of the commodities that are the essentials of individual and family consumption.

Advance in cost of living per capita during four years of general prosperity:

	Breadstuffs.	Meat.	Dairy and garden.	Other food.
Jan. 1, 1898.....	\$13.51	\$7.34	\$12.37	\$8.31
Jan. 1, 1899.....	13.82	7.52	11.46	9.07
Jan. 1, 1900.....	13.25	7.25	13.70	9.20
Jan. 1, 1901.....	14.49	8.41	15.56	9.50
Jan. 1, 1902.....	20.00	9.67	15.25	8.95
	Clothing.	Metals.	Misc'l.	Total.
Jan. 1, 1898.....	\$14.65	\$11.57	\$12.11	\$ 70.94
Jan. 1, 1899.....	14.15	11.84	12.54	80.42
Jan. 1, 1900.....	17.48	18.09	16.31	95.30
Jan. 1, 1901.....	16.02	15.81	15.88	95.69
Jan. 1, 1902.....	15.55	15.38	16.79	101.59

In the above table, breadstuffs include wheat, corn, oats, rye, barley, beans and peas; meat includes lard and tallow; dairy and garden products include, in addition to the usual vegetables, milk, eggs and fruit; miscellaneous includes a variety of articles of general consumption which enter into the cost of living for the average family, and the other items are self-explanatory.

It will be perceived that instead of having a tendency to fall, the prices of the necessities of life show a tendency to jump the other way to the tune of almost 40 per cent.

It cannot be pretended that wages have advanced at any such rate on the scale to the average man. His advantage has come in the steady demand for his services at increased pay instead of the involuntary idleness which is the most distressing attendant on dull times.

THE RECIPROCITY HUMBUG.

BY JOSEPH DANA MILLER.

(From the Winter Number of the Single Tax Review.)

PROTECTION, as defined by protectionists, is a system of tariff taxes which, by excluding foreign competition, gives to domestic manufacturers the trade of a country and makes possible the payment of higher wages for persons engaged in protected occupations.

Free trade, as defined by freetraders, is trade absolutely unhindered by tariffs or taxes. The fewer persons engaged in the manufacture of an article, contend the freetraders, the more easy it is to combine to obtain a monopoly price. Therefore, freedom of trade, by giving the widest possible range of exchange, tends to restrain the formation of domestic monopolies and prevents excessive charges to consumers. At the same time, by minimizing the cost of production and increasing the effective demands of consumers, free trade gives the largest attainable trade to a country and the greatest general prosperity to its wage-earners.

Reciprocity is a method of adjusting the tariffs of two countries by treaty so that duties may be lowered by each country on given articles through mutual concessions.

No one who has followed the mutations of the tariff question, for the last few years, can have failed to note a remarkable change of sentiment among politicians, and, notably, in the minds of protected manufacturers who have hitherto supported a high protective tariff. The movement for reciprocity is the present phase of this reaction.

The reciprocity policy is curiously reversible. It is the means by which, in England, the "fair traders"—who are protectionists without having the courage to call themselves such—are trying to induce the country to adopt a protective tariff. Logically, reciprocity is retaliation, in Great Britain, and would place the British tariff where it was prior to the repeal of the Corn Laws. Reciprocity, in this country, is advocated by freetraders who share the timidity of the British protectionists. Logically, in this country, reciprocity would give us free trade, but only by a path that would seriously imperil half the industries of the country.

Let us explain our position more in detail. When at the last reciprocity convention knit-goods men stated that reciprocity with France and Germany would mean ruin to their industries, they were right. There were jewelry manufacturers here who said they would be injured by reciprocity. One exhibited a plated chain made in Attleboro, Mass., and stated it could be made for much less in France. This manufacturer would probably oppose free trade for the same reason. This is because, perhaps, he has never

seriously thought on the subject. But he is clearly right in the statement that reciprocity with France would not enable him to make that gold-plated chain more cheaply.

What can he said in excuse, either from the standpoint of free trade or protection, for a policy which proposes to let in the silks of France and the woollens of Germany at a lower rate in return for—what? In return for France and Germany opening their ports a little wider to our wheat, corn, pork, etc.? How is a greater demand for American wheat and pork, in Germany and France, to compensate the American manufacturer for lower duties on silks and woollens? How is he to produce his goods any more cheaply than he does at present? But this he must do if he is to meet successfully the cheaper prices at which imported silks and woollens can be brought into the American market. With free trade, his coal, his machinery, his many supplies, would all be reduced in cost. But with reciprocity, even under the most favorable conditions, the tariff on much of his raw material would be continued, while duties on his finished productions would be lowered.

There is one way he would meet such a condition. He would follow then, as he has followed in the past, the line of least resistance, and the workmen who had been deluded by hopes of wider markets, and consequently higher wages, would awaken to new disappointments. He who is the weakest factor in production, because of the hungry man at the factory gate who is waiting for his job, would again suffer from the folly of that blind statesmanship that fails to recognize the impressive trend of the new economic reaction against tariff restrictions.

Consider the practical difficulties in the way of reciprocity, of which free German woollen goods, without free coal or free machinery to the domestic manufacturer, is but one of many, and which must apply, with greater or less degree, to every reciprocity measure. Such a system would, probably, give us a system of protection infinitely worse than the one we have. For partially one-sided, as is the present system, that proposed would be wholly so. Nothing but omniscient intelligence would be equal to the task of devising a schedule of tariff duties arranged by mutual concessions that would not be a millstone about the neck of our manufacturing interests.

"I look with distrust upon any proposition to change the tariff, even when proposed by its friends," says Congressman Gibson, of Tennessee. Let the freetraders in Congress be as wise as the protectionists, and distrust any proposition to change the tariff, especially when made by its friends.

The prompt suppression of the reciprocity humbug by the Democratic minority in Congress, aided, as they will be, by the Republicans, will give added impetus to the movement of dissatisfied manufacturers in the direction of free trade. How true this is may be illustrated by an incident. For two years the treaty negotiated between the United States and the Argentine Republic has lain dormant in the Senate. Its origin was due, in a great measure, to the desire of New England's manufacturers to obtain free trade in hides, taxes on which have also seriously interfered with the growing trade between the United States and Argentine. The suppression of this treaty and the hopes of a very strong and influential element have given rise to an organization known as the Free Hides League of the United States. Free hides is free trade in hides, and the suppression of that measure of reciprocity has at least urged free trade thus far.

Representatives Burk and Foerderer, of Pennsylvania, who are prominent members of the Free Hides League, denounce reciprocity as a free trade measure. But the suppression of that Argentine reciprocity treaty, which provided for a reduction of twenty per cent on Argentine wool, may, ultimately, give rise to a Free Wool League among dissatisfied woollen manufacturers. Then, the protectionist members of the Free Hides League could not decently complain.

An important fact in connection with the idea of reci-

* It may be argued that the reductions in duties on foreign manufactured products are not material. But in the matter of proposed duties on French silks and German knit-goods these concessions in the Casson treaties are the greatest. Either we are playing a confidence game on the German and French negotiators of the proposed treaties, or the concessions, little or much, will admit their products in competition. The first explanation must be dismissed, and the latter, since the Germans and Frenchmen could not be so easily deceived, must be accepted.

procity is one that has usually been overlooked. It really puts us in the curiously anomalous position of abrogating the right we fought for in 1776—namely, the right to determine for ourselves the rate and kind of taxation we shall bear. This right reciprocity calls upon us to resign into the hands of foreign negotiators of treaties. For instance: We agree to reduce the tax on foreign-made articles, if foreign countries will reduce the tax on American articles which we export to them. That is to say, if France will reduce the duty on American grain, we will reduce the tax on French silk. But if the French people refuse to reduce the tax on American goods, we will refuse to reduce the tax on French goods. As the tax on imported French goods is paid by the people of the United States, the tax is really decided by the French people and, to that extent, reciprocity brings us again to the condition we opposed in 1776—"taxation without representation."

The Democratic party, in its platform, on the stump and through its newspapers, has told the people that it is their friend against the combinations of capital which, armed with special privileges, are, to-day, exploiting the American consumer. Let it stand forth and say that it will not be deceived by this latest scheme of protectionist ingenuity to throw dust in the eyes of the people and deceive the freetraders themselves. Let it not be betrayed into the support of a plan which, by its failure, is certain to make the ideas of tariff reduction odious. For the result of reciprocity would be almost surely a derangement of American industry, and a possible loss of the American market to many an American manufacturer. It would be to drive the American people back into the fold of the protectionists. The protectionists doubtless see this. Let the Democratic party beware of being caught in the snare that is spread for it.

Let those who are listening to the current pleas of reciprocity give the American people a chance to benefit from their own resources, their own aptitudes and vast natural opportunities. Let us escape the reproach so often made, jestingly, yet truthfully, that no matter how the inventor may invent, no matter how many new economies may be introduced by the American manufacturer, the American statesman can be depended upon to meet him with new complications of taxation and rob him of the fruits of every increased effort and achievement.

THE KAW.

BY LOUISE A. MCGAFFEY.

FROM its springs in the limitless prairie,
On the outermost verge of the day,
Where the vast purple wall of the sunset
Like a barrier guardeth the way,
Slow wandering, in slumberous windings,
Through long, level reaches of plain,
Moon-dawn and noontide in its bosom,
The river creeps on to the main.
And sometimes a tangle of forest
Comes down to the sand-leagured shore,
And all its green heads nod and whisper
Of those who shall know it no more.
And a sigh goeth up through the silence
To the star-lighted spaces above,
As the question is asked but not answered,
"Where bideth the people I love?"
"For the sound of the twang of their bowstrings
I have listened and listened in vain,
While the prints of their moccasined footsteps
Have vanished from valley and plain.
"Ye are gone, ye are gone, O my children,
Where the shades of forgetfulness fall,
And the moan of the wind in my branches
Is the echo alone of my call."
And still all unhearing, unheeding,
Silent, wraithlike, and misty and wan,
To its grave in the tawny Missouri
Slow winding, the river flows on.

VESUVIUS.

AS I began to climb the wind changed, and the cloud of sulphurous smoke that for days had stretched over the bay, hiding Sorrento and blurring Capri's soft outline, met me. The guide bowed his head, dug his feet into the lava-dust, and moved slowly up the zigzag ascent.

Below, down to the fringe of houses that dotted the sunny Neapolitan plain, in great desolate tracts, lay the boulders of lava, contorted into myriad shapes: here it was all fine dust.

On the other side of the mountain Pompeii lay open to the heavens; all about the plain were scattered the daring villages, and far away by the verge of the sea, still hidden in the earth, was Herculaneum.

There was no life on that bare, black, birdless cone, and as we climbed an icy wind began to blow, and the lava-dust stung the face like hail.

The crust was warm to the feet. I dipped my hand into an aperture the size of a rabbit-hole, and withdrew it hot and wet.

On every side the smoke eddied up from tiny craters; but all these things were details in the face of that everlasting vomit of black smoke from the crater.

The wind raged above us as we drew near the crater, the lava-dust spat more viciously, the sulphurous smoke hid the world from our view. It was as if the lieutenants of that angry monarch strove to prevent mortals from gazing too closely at her infernal orgies.

On hands and knees we grabbed our way up the cone, coughing, blinded by the smoke, buffeted by the icy wind. We reached the verge of the crater and threw ourselves on our faces. I peered for one moment into that cauldron of fire and smoke.

The guide clutched my arm and motioned me to follow him round the edge of the crater. I crawled after him, crying "Enough!" But he did not hear. He could not have heard a foghorn in the roar of that wind. "Enough!" I bawled, trying to grab him. "E-nough?" I roared, clutching at his leg.

He shrugged his shoulders, and taking my arm, we plunged down through the lava.

A few paces below he stopped. I bent towards him, and through the screams of the wind heard him say, "Give me a little present to buy macaroni."

The Academy.

MRS. DAVENTRY'S SCRUPLES.

"PATIENT!" said John Tresidder, "would you be satisfied with me if I could be patient?"
He bent over the beautiful woman at his side. They were alone in the conservatory, and she did not resist. He continued his pleading.
"We love each other; we should be happy, you know that. We are one in heart and soul."
"Yes," she replied, "and if I were free—or, rather, when I am free—"
"You are free. Any woman in your position has the right—"
"The right?"
"The moral right."
"Possibly the moral right."
"If you were consistent you would say not 'possibly,' but 'certainly.'"
"Consistent?"
"Yes, consistent. The arguments I have been using this evening—"
"And how often before?"
"True. They bear repetition. Well, they are in perfect harmony with your own writings."
She started and looked at him with surprise.
"How have you discovered my secret?"
"It has never been a secret from me that Mrs. Daventry and Maud Escott, the authoress, are one and the same."
"But how did you know?"
"Because I am a partner in the firm which publishes for you."
"And you never told me!"
"I preferred to wait a fitting opportunity."
"I see."

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"What do you see?"
"What first attracted you toward me?"
"And what do you suppose it was?"
"You found in me a kindred spirit."
"Yes. I found that—and how much more! Still, that was not the attraction."
"What then?"
"Your own delightful personality."
"I suppose if I had been plain or old—"
"I should have done homage to your intellect—being what you are, I worship you body and soul."
"I am going to put your love to the test."
"My love for you is equal to anything."
"Even to the test of self-sacrifice?"
"What sacrifice?"
"I am a married woman. You must wait."
"How long?"
"Till I am free."
"When will you be free?"
"In five years from now."
"You expect me to wait five years?"
"Is it so long?"
"To me it is an eternity. You know it."
"But it must be so."
"There is no must in the case. Mrs. Daventry may plead social convention; but I mean to appeal from Mrs. Daventry to Maud Escott."
"Is it fair?"
"Fair? It is a simple plea for justice. How would Maud Escott deal with the case of Elaine Daventry and John Tresidder?"
"Unconventionally."
"Precisely. That is what gives Maud Escott her position in literature—her clear-sighted, sympathetic views of the problems of life; her courage in proposing the solution."
Elaine Daventry sat silent, only her nervous handling of her fan betrayed her emotion, John continued:
"You have often figured as the heroine in your own novels. A deserted wife, ignorant of the whereabouts of the man who has broken every pledge he gave at the altar, ignorant even whether he is alive. She meets another man; that man loves her, and she returns his love. They can do no other—each is conscious that the other is the being—the one being—"
"Hush!"
"It is true. And what does Maud Escott say? That the man and woman may love each other—ought to love each other—that the scoundrel who has by his own base conduct forfeited every claim to her, has no right to bar the way—that the law which comes between that man and woman—between you and me—is man's law, not God's law."

"Still, if I choose to respect it—"
"And make me suffer?"
"It is not my fault."
"That is your inconsistency. You say, with Tennyson, 'Cursed be the sickly forms that err from honest nature's rule,' yet you hesitate."
"I don't care to be the law-breaker of even a bad law."
"Yet when people in your novels break the bad laws you teach us not to condemn them."
"In real life, society does condemn them, all the same."
"You are afraid of society?"
"Not at all."
"Then why respect its prejudices?"
"You forget you have been talking all this while to Elaine Daventry."
"I don't understand."
"You made love to me, not Maud Escott—to the woman, not to the authoress. Well, Elaine Daventry, with other weaknesses, common to ordinary womankind—"
"You are not ordinary womankind."
"I am, in loving the sense of power."
"And it gratifies your sense of power over me to make me wait indefinitely?"
"Not indefinitely."
"For how long then?"
"Till I am free."
"This is your final answer—I must wait?"
"If you think me worth waiting for."
Before she could detect his purpose he stooped and kissed her. She pushed him away gently.
"Are you offended?" he asked.
"No," she replied. "If you had asked I should not have refused—just this once."
A footstep was heard approaching. It was their hostess.
"You will see Mrs. Daventry home, as usual, John?" she said, as Elaine wished her good-bye.
A minute later the lovers were on their way to Elaine's rooms in Brompton. They sat silent, each lost in thought; he asking himself whether he had failed in his object by any fault of diplomacy; she wondering, half regretfully, how she had been able to resist the pleading of the man she loved.
A block in the traffic brought the hansom to a standstill at the end of Sloane street. John noticed two men, arm in arm, on the curbstone so near the cab that their faces were not two feet from the window. They were seedy, dissipated-looking men, bearing still some signs of having once been gentlemen. One of them vainly endeavored to steady his companion, who had been drinking heavily. The latter, after ogling the occupants of the hansom for an instant, turned and addressed the other man.
"I'll be hanged, Jack, if it isn't Mrs. Daventry. Must

go round and speak to her. Must—really now," he added, resisting his friend's attempt to hold him back. "Haven't seen her for years."

He wrenched himself away, and in drunken heedlessness of danger, essayed to get round to the side of the cab where Elaine sat. She had wrapped her head in her cloak and sunk back in the corner the moment she had caught sight of him.

Not finding room for his intended passage behind the cab, the man endeavored to go round in front of it. Just as he was stooping to get under the horse's head the flow of traffic recommenced, and the driver, who had not seen him, whipped up his horse. The man fell, and the horse feeling the prostrate body under his feet, began to kick and rear.

John, who had jumped out of the vehicle the moment he saw what had happened, assisted by a policeman, dragged the stunned and bleeding man on to the pavement. Elaine, roused by John's sudden spring and the cries of the onlookers, watched the scene with horror.

A surgeon, who had witnessed the occurrence, rapidly examined the unconscious man, and then, turning to John, said, "As I feared."

John did not grasp his meaning. "What did you fear?" he asked.

"A broken neck," was the laconic reply. "I saw it all, and expected this."

John stood paralyzed for an instant, then, remembering Elaine, he went back to her quickly. She was panting with fear.

"He is very badly hurt," was all he could trust himself to say.

"Do you know who he is?" she gasped.

"I never saw him before—but I can guess."

"Then tell me the whole truth—is he dead?"

"Yes."

She sank back, as if fainting. John was re-entering the cab when she raised herself and waved him back.

"I go alone now," she said.

"Is it safe? You are ill."

"My maid will attend to me when I get home."

"But—"

She raised her finger warningly. "Do as I bid you, John."

He caught her hand. She dragged it away. "Not yet," she said.

"When am I to see you again?" he asked.

"When I write—not before."

As the cab whirled away she sank back exhausted. "Thank God I did not yield to him an hour ago," she said to herself.

From The New Yorker.

A CITY WITHOUT SMOKE.

BY E. R. WARREN.

It is quite time that systematic and well directed efforts should be made to improve the smoke conditions in this city, which are the result of a rapidly increasing consumption of bituminous coal. Either the present laws, which are intended to regulate and control these new conditions, and which are constantly violated, should be enforced or better laws should be substituted for them. In either case the authority to enforce such laws and the general control of this reform should be vested by the State in the Board of Health or some other equally efficient body. It would be unwise to adopt measures which would practically prohibit the use of soft coal. The interests of the coal merchant, the manufacturer and economist should be considered, and an intelligent study and adoption of the methods by which bituminous coal may be judiciously and economically burned would prove a benefit to the community at large, and this would still be a clean, bright and cheerful city.

For economical methods and good discipline it is quite natural to turn toward Germany for suggestions, and the following report of a recent investigation of the smoke conditions in Berlin may serve to throw some light upon the subject, which may be used to advantage in solving the problem here:

The existing conditions in Berlin prove conclusively that bituminous coal, when properly and economically burned, does not produce objectionable and excessive smoke. The good results are far more due to the excellent management on the part of the city authorities, to efficient police control and to faithful and intelligent care of fires, than to the employment of expensive methods and devices for consuming smoke. No doubt necessity has been largely responsible for the favorable conditions which are found in Berlin, where, perhaps, to an unusual degree, sanitary, aesthetic and economic considerations have combined and forced upon the German capital a careful study of this problem. From the sanitary point of view it is perhaps only necessary to say that very properly the authorities of the city of Berlin recognize the importance of cleanliness as conducive to the health and moral condition of its people. And not of least importance is the aesthetic consideration, a due regard for the beauty of the city, which so much depends upon the absence of smoke. The population of Berlin is about 2,500,000. The city covers a vast area and is situated in the midst of a broad, level plain. It is a beautiful residential city, as well as an important manufacturing center.

Although remote from the coal mining districts, necessitating the transportation of fuel from a distance, one-third of the business of Berlin and its immediate neighborhood is manufacturing. In the year 1900 there were no less than 1,351 manufacturing plants in operation in Berlin. In order to protect the residential interests the larger factories are, in most cases, on the outskirts of the city. During the same year the consumption of coal and coke amounted to 1,958,040 tons, of which coke was a very small percentage. In addition to this there was a consumption of inferior brown coal, chiefly used in briquette form, amounting to 1,020,706 tons, making a total coal consumption, for the year 1900, of 2,978,746 tons, an increase over 1899 of 325,991 tons. It is interesting to note that of this total tonnage 1,029,146 tons were upper Silesian coal of

the lowest grade, a bituminous coal much inferior to that of Nova Scotia.

The three native coals which are most used in Berlin are the Westphalian, upper Silesian and lower Silesian, costing, respectively, \$5.50, \$5 and \$6.75 per ton, delivered, at wholesale. These were the average prices in 1900, but they are constantly increasing. They are all low grade bituminous coals and are productive of volumes of black smoke when carelessly and wastefully burned. For domestic purposes anthracite coal, coke and brown coal briquettes are principally used, none of which cause serious smoke under ordinary conditions. The annual consumption of anthracite coal is about 80,000 tons, of which two-thirds are imported from England, and it costs at retail, in Berlin, from \$10 to \$12 per ton. From the above figures the relation which economy bears to the smoke problem in Berlin may be readily inferred.

It would be unfair to give the impression that the conditions in Berlin are as favorable as those in cities where anthracite coal is the chief fuel, for there is, of course, some smoke at times, and there are some tall chimneys which smoke longer than they should and send forth blacker smoke than is necessary.

However, in consideration of the enormous consumption of bituminous coal of low grade, and the fact that there are in Berlin 1,000 factory chimneys, the atmosphere in general is certainly remarkably clear of smoke; but, in spite of this, constant progress is being made toward still further improving the conditions. A recent development is the extensive uses of gas for fuel.

Among other precautions, great care is given to the construction of all manufacturing establishments, which is under the direct control of the building and sanitary police. Every factory, under the new law, is provided with a police stairway for the purpose of police inspection. The police system of Germany is practically free from corruption, and it owes its effectiveness to the inherent regard for authority in the German people. The protection of the public from nuisances and regard for the public comfort is the mission of the Berlin police, and a mission well fulfilled. Moreover, the city authorities, which are sustained and restrained by royal influence and the state government of Prussia, exert a powerful influence in controlling all such matters.

If a chimney in Berlin smokes excessively, the police send an expert to investigate the trouble and advise a remedy. In ordinary cases of careless smoking an officer calls at the factory and reports his observation. If the advice is not heeded, and the offense continues, a fine is imposed, but this is seldom necessary.

There are good laws in Berlin regulating the heights of factory chimneys, which is considered of very great importance. The minimum height is twenty-five meters, and in many cases they exceed seventy meters. Great benefit is derived from the "boiler inspection unions," which exist in Germany. They are private organizations, having for their business testing of boilers, under state license, drawing plans for boiler plants and other such work. But in connection with this they furnish schools, in which for fees of from \$2 to \$3 men are given two weeks' instruction in the art of firing and in the general care of boilers. The men so trained are greatly in demand, and it is a very interesting fact that these schools have been the direct means of raising the standard of

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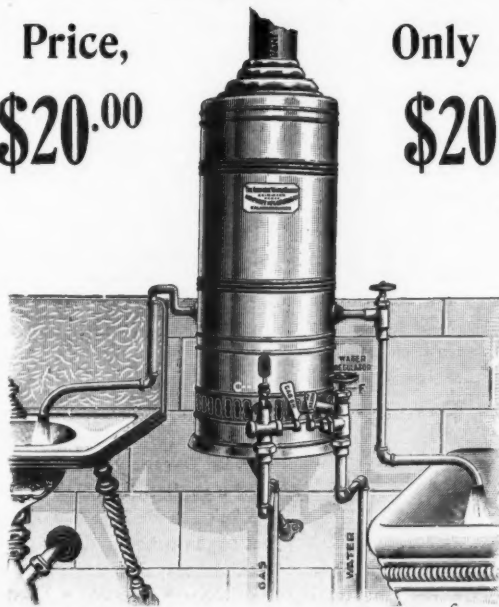
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firemen in Germany. There are seven such schools in Prussia, and a number in other parts of Germany.

If, then, under proper conditions, bituminous coal can be burned without causing serious smoke, what are these conditions and how may they best be obtained? In order to arrive at this information in the most direct way many of the principal factories in Berlin were visited and the questions were put to practical men who have carefully studied the problem, and who have solved it satisfactorily, as their smokeless chimneys testify. Reasonably well constructed furnaces, with ample grate surfaces in proper proportion to the size of the boilers, are of first necessity, but, beyond this, it was encouraging to find that the consensus of opinion was that the true secret of economy in coal and the prevention of smoke is the faithful and intelligent performance of duty. Improved grates and furnaces, automatic stokers and the various other smoke consuming devices do not take the place of human intelligence and good judgment.

As the standard of firing is raised, so should the pay of the fireman be increased. Otherwise, as has been frequently the case in Germany, the good fireman will seek better employment. The remedy for a smoke nuisance is an application of sound common

sense, good laws and economical methods. Perfect combustion means a saving of coal and absence of smoke. The city of Berlin is deserving of great credit for its demonstration of what can be done, and for the important object lesson which it teaches other cities, which are obliged, for the sake of economy, to use bituminous coal.

CALIFORNIA AND ITS ATTRACTIONS

The great State of California offers more delightful attractions for the average winter tourist than any other section of the United States. At a time when the North and East are garbed in their usual winter mantles California is clothed in sunshine, fruit and flowers. If you contemplate the journey this season remember that the Union Pacific, the Overland Route, offers unsurpassed service and accommodations. Fifteen hours the shortest time. Address J. H. Lothrop, Gen'l Agent, 903 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo.

Mrs. de Mover: "Good gracious! This is the noisiest neighborhood I ever got into. Just hear those children screech!" Maid: "They're your own childers, mum." Mrs. de Mover: "Are they? How the little darlings are enjoying themselves."—*Wit Bits.*

SOCIETY.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.
Mrs. Charles Young will leave in a few days for the resorts in Florida.

Mrs. Joseph Bogy will shortly visit her daughter in New Orleans.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Adreon will leave this week for a trip to New Orleans.

Col. and Mrs. J. G. Butler will leave soon for California, to remain until spring.

Miss Cairns, of Washington, D. C., is spending this week with Mrs. John H. Carroll.

Mrs. J. M. Franciscus will pass the remainder of the winter with relatives in Colorado.

Miss Cherry Bent will give a family luncheon on next Saturday afternoon, February 8th.

Mrs. Harry Elliot will entertain with a luncheon, next Monday afternoon, February 10th.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Murphy, of 4108 West Pine boulevard, will visit in Hot Springs, Ark., until March 1st.

Miss Florence Newton and Mr. Lewis Rumsey, will be married on the Wednesday following Easter.

Mr. and Mrs. Ephron Catlin have sent out cards for a ball, on Friday evening, Feb. 7, in honor of Miss Catlin.

Mr. and Mrs. John E. Thomson and their mother, Mrs. Masten, leave this week to make the Mediterranean trip.

Mrs. Ellen King, of Lindell boulevard, will entertain the Acephalous Euchre Club, next Monday, February 10th.

Mrs. Alonzo Acuff gave a euchre party on Wednesday evening, in honor of Mrs. J. C. Crenshaw, of Springfield, Mo.

Mrs. Amadee V. Reyburn, Jr., gave a reception and housewarming on Monday afternoon, at her new home in Hortense place.

The Small and Early Club, composed of the young set not yet out, gave the fifth dance of the series Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Ed Herndon entertained at luncheon, a few days ago, for Mrs. Crenshaw, of Springfield, Mo., who is the guest of Mrs. Minerva Carr.

Mr. and Mrs. William A. Hudson, will give a reception on Friday the 7th, in honor of their daughters, Marian L. and Elizabeth C. Hudson.

Mrs. Clinton Odell will give a tea this afternoon, from four to six o'clock, in honor of Miss Hawley, her niece, and Miss Grace Pinkenbier.

Mr. and Mrs. James O'Neal, who were married at Christmas time, have returned from their honeymoon tour, and are residing temporarily with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Nolker.

Mrs. Hugo Reisinger, of New York, and Mrs. Arthur Magnus, of Chicago, are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Adolphus Busch, having come to attend the Busch ball last Friday evening. Mrs. Schuettler and Miss Schuettler are also the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Busch.

Mrs. Ellen King, Mrs. Hyster Clymer and Mr. and Mrs. George Von Schrader, have taken Captain Peugnet's Lindell boulevard residence for the remainder of the season. Captain and Mrs. Ernest Peugnet are at the West End Hotel. Miss Marie Peugnet is visiting friends in the East.

Announcement has been made that the marriage of Miss Ione Huse and Mr. Isaac Hedges, will take place on February 12th, in New York, where Mrs. Huse and her daughter are now visiting friends. Mr. Hedges will join them about February 9th, accompanied by his sister, and the marriage will be quietly solemnized at the "Navarre."

A bal masque for charity is being arranged by a number of Webster Groves society leaders, February 11th, at Bristol Hall. Although it is a charity affair, an invitation alone will entitle one to purchase tickets. Those in charge of the function are Mesdames T. C. Young, Kent Jarvis, Fayette Ewing, Howard Payne, Fred Plant, E. J. Spencer and Ernest Kroeger.

An engagement recently announced, is that of Miss Helen Gruet and Mr. Allan McKinnie, both of Webster Groves. Miss Gruet is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John P. Gruet, who will throw open their suburban home to their friends on Feb. 21st, with a reception and ball, when Miss Gruet will be formally presented as a debutante. No date has been set for the wedding.

The ball given at the St. Louis Club, on Friday last, by Mr. and Mrs. Adolphus Busch, was one of the most magnificent affairs of the winter. Miss Alice Luedeking, daughter of Dr. Luedeking, made her debut at the function. The favors for the cotillion, which was led by Mr. Edgar Luckland, were costly and beautiful Parisian inventions. Mr. Will Haarstick was Master of Ceremonies. The ladies of the re-

ceiving party were beautifully gowned, Mrs. Busch's toilette having been made in Paris for the occasion. Mrs. Hugo Reisinger, Mrs. Arthur Magnus, and Miss Wilhelmina Busch assisted in receiving. The guests were nearly all young people.

The Acephalous Euchre Club was entertained, on Monday afternoon, by Mrs. Minerva Carr, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Wm. Nichols, of West Pine boulevard. Mrs. J. C. Crenshaw, of Springfield, Mo., was the guest of honor, and a special prize was awarded to her at the close of the game. Mrs. Ellen King won the first prize, a punch bowl and glasses, and Mrs. I. G. W. Steedman, second, a Bohemian glass vase.

St. Louis friends have received invitations from Mrs. Desdemona Richardson, of Chicago, who formerly resided in St. Louis, to the marriage of her daughter, Miss Daisy Meek Richardson and Mr. Harry Sisson Doyle. The ceremony will take place on Tuesday, February 11th, at mid-day, at the Church of the Redeemer, on 56th and Washington avenue, Chicago. At home cards are enclosed for 229 East Fifty-fourth street, Chicago.

Of the doings of society in Washington, the two luncheons lately given by Mrs. Chas. Joy, of St. Louis, are worthy of especial mention. One was given to the ladies of the Missouri delegation. Every one of them attended. The other luncheon given by Mrs. Joy, was to Miss Alice Roosevelt, the debutante of the White House, and she had there to meet her about twenty ladies from as many states in the Union. The table at that luncheon was a dainty dream in fruits and flowers, and the favors were an unique and exquisite work of art. Mrs. Joy is a social favorite in the National capital.

Mrs. Huntington Smith gave an entertainment, on Wednesday afternoon, from three to six o'clock, in honor of Mrs. Henry Irving Miller, who has returned here to live. Assisting in receiving and entertaining were a bevy of ladies: Mesdames Ferris, of Louisiana; John Ockerson, Abiel Leonard Smith, Mary Polk Winn, Misses Beatrice Dunham, of Colorado; and Martha Hutchinson. Among the guests were Mesdames Pollock, Margaret Beach, Franklin Armstrong, Julius Walsh, Forrest Ferguson, M. F. Scanlan, A. Mellier, Webster, Robert Atkinson, Wentworth Terry, Minerva Carr, P. D. Cheney, J. C. Crenshaw, of Springfield, Mo.

The eighteenth annual reception and military ball of the Rainwater Rifles will be held at the Union Club, on Friday, Feb. 7. Mr. I. L. Schoen will conduct an orchestra of sixteen pieces and the music will be the finest of the season. The Rainwater Rifles have had an assurance from the commander in chief of the National Guard of Missouri, Hon. Alexander M. Dockery, that, if possible, he will be the guest of the company. The following ladies will receive: Mrs. C. C. Rainwater, Mrs. E. A. Warren, Mrs. Adolphe L. Boyce, Mrs. Albert G. Blanke, Mrs. C. F. Blanke, Mrs. Charles E. Carroll, Mrs. M. J. Gilbert, Mrs. Harry B. Hawes, Mrs. Wm. A. Hobbs, Mrs. J. E. Kenney, Mrs. Jacob Klein, Mrs. John D. Manley, Mrs. L. Claude McElwee, Mrs. W. F. Parker, Mrs. Robert E. Ringen, Mrs. Ernest Schoen.

Mrs. James L. Blair entertained, on Monday afternoon, the members of the Morning Choral Club, at her country home, "Airdrie," in Webster Groves. Mrs. Bessie Bown Ricker, of Chicago, gave some readings typical of child characteristics. The large number of guests were conveyed to and from their destination in special cars, which left Morgan and Vandeventer avenue at two o'clock. Among the ladies were Mesdames Halsey C. Ives, Campbell Smith, William McCandless, C. K. Dickson Walsh, Julius C. Birge, Claude Kilpatrick, George Warren Brown, Walter Cerre Taylor, John Dwight Filley, Philip N. Moore, J. C. Van Blarcom, George H. Shields, Franklin Ferriss, Edward Mallinkrodt, Joseph D. Lucas, Harry Elliot, Norris B. Gregg, Goodman King, John E. Thomson, Theodore DeForest, Sam Plant.

The most fashionable social event of this week, was the marriage of Miss Mary McKittrick and Mr. George Markham which took place Wednesday, at the Church of the Messiah. Although both bride and groom have a large family connection, the breakfast which followed the ceremony was comparatively small, taking place at the residence of the mother of the bride, Mrs. Mary McKittrick, of 2631 Locust street. Miss McKittrick was attended by Miss Catlin as maid of honor and Misses Mary Mitchell, Florence West, Isabel January, Mamie Tutt and Anne Hitchcock, of Washington, D. C., as bridesmaids. Mr. Robert Brookings accompanied Mr. Markham as best man, and the ushers and groomsmen were Messrs. Hugh McKittrick,

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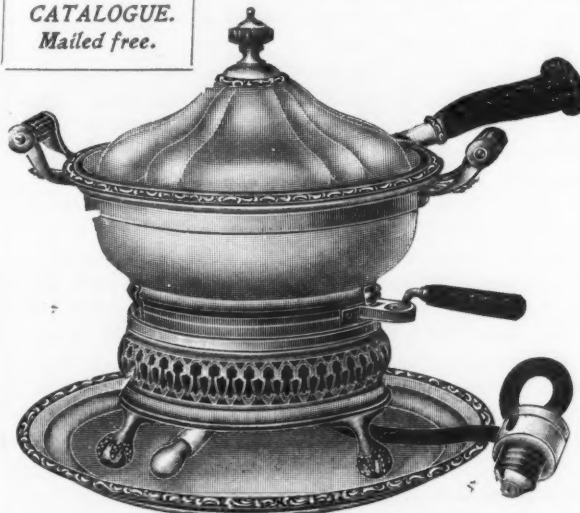
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The marriage of Miss Marian Day and Mr. Francis Dwight Seward took place on Wednesday evening, at half past seven o'clock, at the Pilgrim Congregational Church, Rev. Michael Burnham officiating. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Alice Day, as maid of honor, and the following bridesmaids: Miss Mary Semple, Gertrude O'Neil, Margaret Blodgett, Helen Morgan, of Chicago; and Frederica Wessells, of Hannibal. The bride was given away by her father, Mr. Asa Wilt on Day. The groom was attended by Mr. George Turner Parker. Following the ceremony a reception was given at the family residence, 3129 Pine street. After a honeymoon tour to Florida and Cuba, the bride and groom will be at home on the third and fourth Fridays in March, at the Monticello.

After boxing the ears of one of her pupils, a Holden teacher received the next day the following polite note from the boy's mother: "Nature has provided a proper place for the punishment of a boy, and it is not on his ear. I will thank you to use it hereafter." Everything in its place. Shoes on the feet. The place to get shoes, the best in fit, finish, durability, and worth the full value of the money asked is at Swope's, 311 North Broadway, St. Louis, U. S. A.

HOW HE HIT IT.

Occasionally a man and woman will arrive at the same conclusion, but by widely different processes of reasoning. This was illustrated last week in the experience of a young suburban matron who had arranged to give some girls a luncheon at a downtown restaurant. They were former school chums, and she was anxious that her husband should meet them. As he was leaving to come down town in the morning she asked him to step in and order the luncheon. "But, for goodness sake, Will," she said, "don't order some of those vast steaks with fried potatoes and things, that you always call for when I am with you." The husband promised to be careful and departed. His wife almost immediately regretted leaving such an important matter in his charge, but she simply could not get down town that morning, and so hoped for the best.

When she and her guests arrived at the restaurant they found the husband waiting, and after introductions the hostess ordered luncheon to be served. She was dreadfully

anxious for fear Will had ordered some of the massive dishes to which she had referred in the morning. Great was her joy to find as the courses came in that everything was of the daintiest and most delicious character. It could not possibly be, she thought, that her husband had displayed such wonderful taste, but a chance remark he dropped showed that in very truth the menu was of his selection. The little entertainment was a decided success and the wife was very proud of her husband's judgment—until he arrived home that evening. At dinner she complimented him on having ordered so many charming dishes. The man of exquisite taste growled:

"That what you call charming? Well, I'll tell you how I made my selections. I just looked over the bill and ordered everything that I hate most. Charming nothing!"—*The Chicago Chronicle.*

NOT USUALLY THAT WAY

A very small girl, out on the East Side, was given her first plate of raw oysters at supper the other night. She swallowed one and then pushed the plate away from her with an expression of disgust.

"What's the matter, Katy?" asked her mother. "Don't you like your oysters?"

"No, me don't," answered Katy with a grimace. "Him was too fresh."—*Memphis Scimitar.*

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NEW BOOKS.

Companion volumes of dainty form, finely illustrated, are "Contemporary French Painters" and "Painting In France," by Philip Gilbert Hamerton. Mr. Hamerton can and does write on these subjects as no other contemporary writer can in English. His style is an unflinching pleasure in itself. His appreciation is catholic, one might say, to an extreme. He has sympathy with all the schools, and yet his earnestness never fails to emphasize his opinions as to this or that defect in one school or another. His criticism's luminosity is shown in those cases where the reader can compare with his writing the splendid photogravure of the canvas dealt with. His views on classicism, realism, genre, impressionism, romanticism are singularly clear. There is no book of ready reference that will render the differences more patent to those who are not themselves painters. After going through these two volumes one may feel that he has learned something about pictures and that he has learned it from one who is not a pedant. Hamerton's work seems to tell the uninitiated reader about the art of painting just what the reader knew all along without knowing he knew it. Two most excellent books these, and deserving a wide diffusion among the Philistines. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston, publishers.)

Readers of biography should not miss "Jane Austen, Her Homes and Her Friends," by Constance Hill, with illustrations by Ellen G. Hill and many reproductions in photogravure. The book is written in a style that is saturated with the spirit of Jane Austen. It is gossipy, quietly humorous, and withal has an air of delicate refinement about its every page. The author and the illustrator have sought out every place that may possibly be identified with the author of "Pride and Prejudice." They have tracked her and her characters to the most hidden places and they have come across many interesting people and pretty bits of scenery in their quest. Miss Austen herself is quoted copiously, so that the work is almost as if Miss Austen herself were telling you, "here I got this scene or that character, here I stayed when writing that description." The volume is a sort of narrative glossary of the Austen characters and plots and incidents in a setting of happy descriptive touches. The Austen novels are not read nowadays as much as they should be. This book about her and her homes, her friends, her character-creations, her intimate daily life, so long ago, will please the few who do read the books and, it is hoped, will send many others to those tales that still have their charm despite their old-fashionedness. The volume is excellent, both as commentary and picture book, and it should be enjoyable to every person with any knowledge either of English literature or the value of good drawing. (John Lane, London and New York, publisher.)

"The Destiny" is a little book of poems by Florence Brooks. There is a wealth of vigorous thought strongly handled in the small compass of the volume. The writer is no dilettante. Things are said with a force of feeling that convinces the reader. They are not conventional as to rhythm and they are often rather glaringly devoid of

ornament. The passionate verses are very fine. But all the work would be more popular if it partook more of the tenderness of three or four of the lyrics. (Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, publishers. Price \$1.)

Bret Harte at his best was not better than Howard V. Sutherland in the book, "Biggs", Bar and other Klondyke Ballads." They are the real voice of the men who seek gold in the North. The ballads, have a free, full, rugged, profane swing to them that captivates the reader. Those who know the miner, or, indeed, who know any sort of men "with the bark on" will enjoy these ballads of Mr. Sutherland. The same author has issued another book of poems called "Jacinta." In the second book he is in graceful, gentler mood. "Jacinta" is a prettily told California story. The other verses, in the sonnet or simpler lyric form are of clever workmanship (Drexel, Biddle & Co., publishers, Philadelphia.)

A book of much interest is "Beautiful Women in Art," translated from the French of Armond Doyot, by H. Twitchell. It is in two volumes, elegantly bound, beautifully printed and sumptuously illustrated with reproductions of the world's masterpieces from antiquity to the last century. The historical features of the work are lucidly set forth. The stories of the great painters, the great paintings and the women painted are related in a happy vein. The work will serve as an excellent gift book. It will be found valuable for the libraries of literary men and artists. Ladies will find in its letter-press and pictures a sort of chronological history of the changes in the ideal of womanly beauty. (L. C. Page & Co., Boston, publishers. Price \$4.00.)

"Captain Ravenshaw" is a novel by the prolific, vigorous, sensational Robert Neilson Stephenson. If it's action you want, here it is in plenty. The book is chock full of villainy, and the hero isn't much better than the fops and rakes that, all through the book, make London howl. It's all in the days of good Queen Bess. There are rescues, sorties, alarms and excursions, oaths, drinking, sword-play, gambling and all the rest of the swirl of the spacious times. If you start the book you'll go to the end, and you'll be surprised that such a hero could get such a girl. (L. C. Page & Co., Boston, publishers. Price, \$1.50.)

"The Color of His Soul" is the odd title of an odd little book by Zoe Anderson Norris. The story is a woman's analysis of a cat-eyed egoist and cad, a blatant, ill-formed, unsympathetic, youthful "reformer." The study of Cecil Mellon is revoltingly clever. He lives on his parents and borrows money from Dolly, who is a newspaper woman and tells the story. The young man mouths socialistic platitudes and intoxicates himself on his own flub-dub. Incidentally he carries on a flirtation with a working-girl and seduces her. He becomes the wonderful orator, almost dividing honors with Herron, who, by the way, is scathingly dealt with in the book. Cecil is a hollow, cheap, vile poser and absolutely without principle. The author, Miss Norris, has drawn him with a fine scorn. Indeed his characteri-

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zation is the chief excuse for the book. Miss Norris' studies in the slums are interesting and bright, but they have not always much pertinence to the story. There is too much of them, though here and there there is a delightful sketchy bit, as in the picture of "the iceman" and the night engineer on the "L," who sleeps all day, when his wife will let him. Miss Norris' little book unmasks a certain type of social agitator with exceeding

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brilliance and the side glances at Herron are severe enough to sear that gentleman's epidermis. Miss Norris' story as a story has exactly the defects which an editor in the story points out in the literary work of *Dolly*, the narrator, but, for all that, it is "smart" and very human, very womanly in its point of view and, if deficient in logical inevitability, has the sort of inevitability that goes with woman's intuitive apprehension of the fake and fraud in the man in whom her heart is not interested. With all her faults of method Miss Norris has turned out a little book that will capture people by its very *naivete* in the assumption of wide and deep experience. (It seems to this reviewer to be almost wholly vicarious experience, girlishly, brightly presented, with that tone of pessimism peculiar to youth.) Her little introduction sets forth a fact, or a set of facts, not well enough understood and seldom so clearly expressed. The introduction explains the book as follows: "Between Altruria and Bohemia there lies a land where allegiance is double and, therefore, doubtful. The moral outlaws and social banditti who occupy this land claim now censorship over society as a whole, and now individual exemption from the plainest and most righteous of human obligations. This as it happens to fall in with the inclinations of their lofty egotism or low desires. Frank Bohemians and true Altrurians will consequently recognize in the poseur of this story one who is not single of his kind, not unique; nor extraordinary; but who belongs to an ilk set apart and peculiar, to be eyed askance, not altogether admired, nor wholly trusted by the good folk of either camp into which he more often than not forcibly intrudes." That alone is worth a good deal to people who are apt to be deluded by "reformers." The volume is attractively bound in vellum over boards, printed on handsome paper and the pages are not "justified" at the right hand side. (Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York, publishers. Price, \$1.00.)

"The Field of Clover," written by Laurence Housman, the alleged perpetrator of "The Love Letters of an Englishwoman," is one of the quaint conceits of late literature. The book contains five fairy tales, depicting scenes of the most fantastic character. The first story, "The Bound Princess," is divided into six parts, subdivided under the titles of "The Fire-Eaters," "The Galloping Plough," "The Thirsty Well," "The Princess Melilot," "The Burning Rose" and "The Camphor Worm." The other stories are "The Crown's Warranty," "The Wishing Pot," "The Feeding of the Emigrants" and "The Passionate Puppets." The language is simple and pleasant, and the author's delineation of improbable persons and his descriptions of impossible places are marked by a smoothness and directness of detail that makes one almost imagine him reciting a simple narrative of fanciful events for the amusement of children. Yet it is not a child's book. Perusing the grewsome incidents of some of the stories, one wonders whether they are worth the space devoted to them. Taken as allegories, there are few readers who will trouble themselves to delve beneath the lines in search of a hidden moral. "The Passionate Puppets," the last and best story in the book, is a very pretty pastoral of love, written close to nature's heart, in which one can hear the tinkle of the cow-bells, breathe the pure air of the mountains, smell the sweetness of the clover and revel in the simple love story of *Killian*, the cow-herd, and his



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HAROLD BAUER.

sweetheart, *Grendel*. The author seems, in the depiction of his characters and the trend of his stories, to try to engender a high regard for the homely virtues of love, kindness, gentleness and courage. The illustrations by the author's wife, or maybe his sister, are as weirdly fantastic as is the subject-matter of the letter-press. (John Lane, the Bodley Head, New York, publisher. Price, \$1.25.)

Stops the Cough and works off the Cold.

Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No cure, No pay. Price 25 cents.

DRUG CLERKS' WOES.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

Would it not be well for your paper to call attention to the wrongs of druggists' clerks in this city? I see that the Drug Clerks' Association of Illinois has inaugurated a crusade against long hours and the unsanitary living arrangements to which most drug clerks are subjected. In Chicago the drug clerks have the support of at least one great paper, the *Record-Herald*, and the whole case for the much abused class is contained in a recent editorial in that journal.

"The matter of salaries," that paper says, "is a question for adjustment on the basis of what employers can afford to pay, differing in the towns according to the volume of the business done and the nature of the services rendered. That is a question between employer and employes, but when it comes to long hours and poor sleeping accommodations, all of which tend to impair efficiency, the public is directly concerned."

"Few people stop to consider the important relation sustained by drug clerks or prescription clerks to a community. They are compelled to go through a college of pharmacy, after serving a sort of 'apprenticeship' as general utility men in drug stores, and after graduating must have certificates of qualification from the State Board of Health before they are permitted to compound prescriptions in any store."

"Every store in the larger cities, except the drug store, closes at six o'clock—not later than eight—while the drug store must be kept open until late and must be accessible

to the public all night. The drug clerk usually works eighteen hours and then goes behind the counter to sleep, expecting that his rest will be disturbed by some inconsiderate prowler who can't wait until morning for pills or paregoric.

"It is claimed that these conditions are gradually removing all incentives to young men to take up the honorable and very useful profession of pharmacy. The supply of graduates from the schools of pharmacy is not equal to the demand. As a result it is stated that several thousand positions in this State which should be filled by registered pharmacists are occupied by clerks who have no certificates and are unlawfully dispensing drugs."

"It is in the interest of public safety that these conditions should be ameliorated and the profession of pharmacy protected in such a way that it will command the services of well-educated, thoroughly trained chemists and pharmacists."

It seems to me that, everything said in the above quotation applies equally as well to St. Louis as to Chicago, to Missouri as to Illinois. The public is concerned if the drug clerks are so much overworked that they are likely to make mistakes in compounding prescriptions and spread death in their neighborhoods. The tendency of the drug business to be complicated puts more work on the clerks. They have not only to dispense drugs; they have to take "want ads" for the papers. They have to answer two telephones; they have to handle express orders and many other things that keep them on the jump every minute of the day and, often, far into the night. Their condition as working people deserves consideration, and I hope you will print this in the *MIRROR* in order to bring the plight of an honest and hard-worked set of young men to the attention of those who have influence in the making of public opinion.

Very truly yours,

Drug Clerk.

ST. LOUIS, Feb. 3d, 1902.

Harold: "Well, Percy, did you find gasoline a good remedy for chapped hands?"

Percy: "Splendid! Not only did it cure the chappedness, but every one in the ballroom detected the smell and thought I owned an automobile."—*Chicago News*.

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Long Ago

By MICHAEL FIELD

IN a letter from Robert Browning, which has just been printed, he asks: "Did you get a little book by Michael Field, 'Long Ago,' a number of poems written to *mnestare* what fragmentary lines and words we have left of Sappho's poetry? . . . The author is a great genius, a friend we know. Do you like it?"

In speaking afterwards to me on the subject of this work, his praise was enthusiastic, and he added to his expressions of admiration for the author's genius his sorrow for the trouble and anxiety she had been lately called upon to bear.

—["Browning in Venice," by Katharine De Kay Bronson. *The Century Magazine*, February, 1902.

It may not be generally known that this volume is one of The Mosher Books, issued in The Bibelot Series in 1897, exquisitely printed in Italic type on Van Gelder handmade paper, of which a limited number still remain for sale.

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Mr. Mosher's New List of Books—a choice little bibelot in itself—sent on request postpaid.

THOMAS B. MOSHER, Portland, Maine

The Bishop of London tells a clever anecdote of a certain country curate. He was calling on the great lady of the village and introduced his newly-married wife as "a poor thing, madame, but mine own," whereupon the lady, looking at the curate severely, replied:

"Your wife ought to have introduced you as a 'poorer thing, but my owner.'"—*Short Stories*.

PLAYS DONE OVER.

We have "Janice Meredith" with us for the second time, at the Olympic Theater, this week. We have "Arizona" for the fourth time, at the Century. Both are drawing fairly good crowds.

Both are American plays by American authors. "Arizona" is a good presentation of American life, but with a rather ancient love and intrigue motive. It is a play that refines the dime novel motif into something that may be called literature. It is a well-written play, as is everything by Augustus Thomas, but it is deficient in invention, although in some of the parts there is a deal of clever characterization. It stands for the sort of Americanism that is represented, let us say, in Theodore Roosevelt, though built up on the rather bluggy basis of the fanciful pioneer as represented by Buffalo Bill, Ned Buntline and Big Foot Wallace. It is better literature than the stories of western army life of Captain Charles King, but it has not got that subtle intriguing atmosphere that one finds so excellently rendered in the army stories of Miss Gwendolen Overton. Mr. Augustus Thomas has a light touch, as a usual thing, but when he comes to deal with tragic things, with the intenser motives, his hand becomes heavy and his treatment becomes conventional to an extreme degree. He is at his best when he is writing persiflage and banter, when he portrays the regular army man in almost

any attitude but the hero's. This play of "Arizona" is not convincing in its climaxes, but there is no doubt that in the airier parts it is most agreeable to listen to, even a fourth time, when presented by as competent a company as the one now occupying the stage at the Century.

As for "Janice Meredith," the play is not at all to one's literary liking. The general impression that it leaves with one is that of a piece of patchwork. Take the heroine's part and give it to an actress less charming, less clever, less magnetic than Miss Mary Mannering and it would be fully as disappointing as Mr. John Drew's dismal portrayal of *Richard Carvel*, which was the worst case of misplaced theatrical talent that has been seen on the boards, with the exception possibly of Nat Goodwin's fearful and wonderful *Shylock*, in the last quarter of a century. Miss Mannering is very much more than *Janice Meredith*. This is as it should not be. No performer should be more than the play, since the performer is only a puppet saying things put into his or her mouth by the author. Miss Mannering's manner is very good. She has the artless or maybe artful willfulness that the author tells us about but never convincingly displays in action in *Janice*. Miss Mannering brings on the stage an air, a color, a tone that are all her own, and they captivate one quite independently of the characterization of the heroine in the novel or in the play. Miss Mannering is real. The character she portrays is not. There is nothing real in the drama, as there is nothing to appeal to a judicial mind in the novel from which the drama is taken, in spite of its sales by the hundreds of thousands. The colonialism of the thing is false, even though its presentation was originally made by a man deeply versed in the history of the Revolution and one who has written luminously about George Washington and Thomas Jefferson from a close study of the records of their daily lives. Historical truth and dramatic truth are parts of the essential truth, but they are not the same thing; and an historian may be a great historian without being able to draw such a woman as Mr. Paul Leicester Ford would have us believe *Janice Meredith* to be.

Take the Washington revolutionary, patriotic flavor away from "Janice Meredith," and the production would be deadlier than *Marley*, and we all know that *Marley* was as dead as a door nail. Take Miss Mannering out of the stage performance and there would be no bearing with the artificiality of the whole thing.

"Janice Meredith" may "go" a second time, but not more. Not even the winsome grace of Miss Mannering can carry it much longer. On the other hand, "Arizona" should be good for some years to come, because, in spite of some theatricalism in its plot, it is filled with real persons whom we can understand.

The two plays are commendable in that they are clean in tone, even though the Thomas production deals with an evil intrigue. They are both presented in good style. They will serve to pass an evening fairly well, but they are not plays that hold the spectator or auditor with any closeness of grip. One is thankful that they are no worse than they are, and one hopes to see Mary Mannering in work more worthy of her genius or talent, just as one hopes that, some day, Mr. Augustus Thomas will write the American drama that he has come so very near to writing in "Alabama," "In Mizoura," "Arizona," and, latterly, "Col-

orado," but which he appears to have missed by a hair's breadth in each of the plays named.

The Deadhead.

COMING ATTRACTIONS.

"The Majestic Burlesquers" at the Standard, this week, are drawing large audiences. There are a number of pretty girls and the specialties are well received. Next week "Fred Irwin's Big Show."

"Dorf und Stadt," as presented by the Germania stock company, Sunday evening, was a most interesting performance. Miss Leona Bergere's benefit, on Wednesday evening, was well attended. The offering, "Die Nacherlin," was one of the liveliest farce comedies presented this season. Sunday, the 9th, "Nackte Kunst" will be the attraction. Ferdinand Welb will be tendered a benefit Wednesday evening, the 12th, on which occasion Bjorn Ejoensen's society play "Ein Fallissement" will be the offering.

For keen enjoyment, the rare exhilaration of good skating, on smooth ice, go to the Ice Palace, on Cook and Channing avenues. There's fun for young and old.

Kellar, the magician, the worker of wonders the skillful legerdemainist, will appear at the Century Theater, beginning Sunday evening, February 9. Mr. Kellar's finished performances are too well-known to need exploitation.

Willard Spencer's new comedy opera success, "Miss Bob White" will be the attraction of the Olympic Theater, beginning Sunday evening, February 9. The managers, Messrs. Nixon & Zimmerman announce Marguerita Sylva, a gifted Belgian songstress, as the "feature" of the performance. Miss Sylva essays the leading role.

THE ART OF BREATHING.

It is perhaps one of the signs of the times, to those alert for indications, that the art of breathing has become more and more a subject of attention. Oculists as well as physiologists go deeply into its study in a way hardly to be touched upon here. Physicians have cured aggravated cases of insomnia by long-drawn, regular breaths; fever-stricken patients have been quieted, stubborn forms of indigestion made to disappear. A tendency to consumption may be overcome, as some authority has within the past few years clearly demonstrated, by exercise in breathing. Seasickness, too, may be surmounted and the victim of hypnotic influence taught to withstand the force of an energy directed against him. There is a famous physician of Munich who has written an extensive work upon the subject of breathing. He has besides formulated a system by which asthmatic patients are made to walk without losing breath and are cured. At Meran, in the Austrian Tyrol, his patients (almost every royal house of Europe is represented) are put through a certain system of breathing and walking. The mountain paths are all marked off with stakes of different colors, indicating the number of minutes in which a patient must walk the given distance, the breathing and walking being in time together. As the cure progresses the ascents are made steeper and steeper.—*London Doctor*.

Jay: "Yes, sir; when I was in New York a sharper robbed me of fifty dollars."

Hay: "Why didn't you call a policeman?"

"Well, I thought fifty dollars was enough."

—*Philadelphia Press*.

Tea sets, chests of silverware, cutlery, sterling silver tableware, at Mermod & Jaccards, Broadway, corner Locust.

Price Concessions on Good Underwear.

We prefer to sacrifice profits and cost rather than carry over broken lines of underwear—therefore these extraordinary low prices.

It will pay you well to invest for next season's use.

Cartwrights & Warner's English Cashmere, \$5, now	\$3.50
Peter Wright's Silk and Cashmere, \$5, now	\$3.50
Peter Wright's Fine Cashmere, \$4, now	\$2.95
Holroyd's finest quality, \$3.50, now	\$2.80
Finest quality ribbed wool—unshrinkable—\$3, now	\$1.98
Heavy Weight Fancy Balbriggan, \$3, now	\$1.98
Heavy Weight Fancy Balbriggan, \$2.50, now	\$1.68
Heavy and Medium Weight Ribbed Wool, \$2.50, now	\$1.75
Heavy and Medium Weight Ribbed Wool, \$1.50, now	\$1.15
Heavy and Medium Weight Flat Wool, \$1.50, now	98c
Heavy and Medium Weight Ribbed Wool, \$1.00, now	79c

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Republic Building, Seventh and Olive Sts.



"Go!"

While in a jocular mood one day Bombastus Furioso said to a victim of a pick-pocket, "Thy watch is gone—well, watches are made to go."

There is plenty of "go" in our \$35 fancy suitings.

In fact, a lot of them are already gone. Why? Because of our Reduction Sale, we "make up" any of our \$35 fancy suitings to your order for \$27.50. This will be a suit differing not one iota from the suits we made for \$35 last fall. It will be an offer good only until Saturday, Feb. 8th.

180 \$10 Trouserings at \$8.00 each—this week only.

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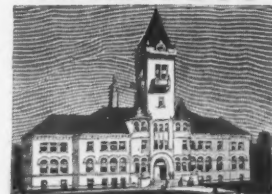
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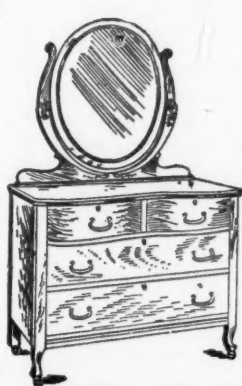
0% PIECE SALE

25% to 33%
OFF

Matched Pieces
Burned

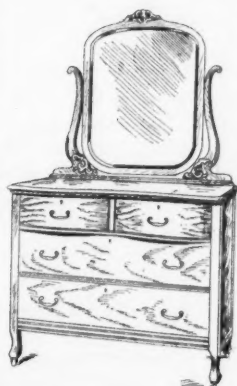
In Our Recent Factory
Fire.

These Pieces
New, Fresh Goods.



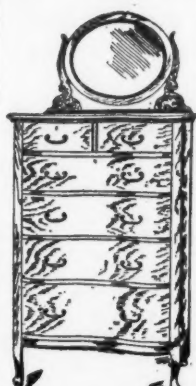
\$16.50 was 25.00

Bird's-Eye Maple.
Bev. French Mirror, 80x24.
Polished Top, 42x22.



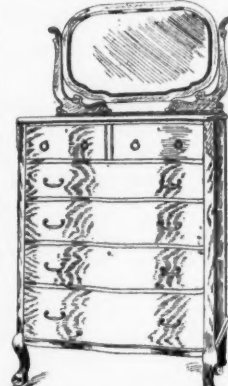
\$19.50 was \$25.00

Mahogany, Maple, Oak.
Bev. French Mirror, 30x24.
Polished top, 42x27.



\$18.50 was \$24.00

Maple.
Mahogany \$20.00
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Bev. Fr. Mirror, 16x28.

1/2 Price

250 Rattan and
Other Chairs.

The value of a Clearing Sale to you depends on the quality of the goods carried and the depth of the reduction made. Our quality is always reliable. The reductions are quoted with absolute correctness.

MUSIC.

MORE MUSICAL MISSIONARIES.

Philanthropic musical work, in St. Louis, is assuming monumental proportions. In no other city in the United States is this work conducted on so extensive and practicable a plan. Mrs. James L. Blair's sight-singing class and the "study class" of the Union Musical Club, are unique and admirable institutions, and cannot fail to accomplish much toward the high ideals of their originators. Miss Marian Ralston is the originator of the "study class." Miss Ralston put her ideas on the subject in practice two years ago, under the auspices of the Union Musical Club.

The plan is to educate musically, talented girls or boys who are unable to pay for instruction.

Naturally, this plan calls for most substantial co-operation, and a corps of teachers has volunteered to take one pupil each for private instruction in addition to which the pupil receives class instruction. As it now stands the study class course is for three years, but the club desires to push its good work still further and send deserving students abroad for a fourth year. To do this an endowment fund is needed, which the members of the Union Musical Club are making every effort to secure.

ROYAL ITALIAN BAND.

Channing Ellery's "Royal Italian" band is bravely struggling through its series of seventeen concerts at the Odeon. It is a most singular thing that this organization has met with so meagre a patronage and appreciation, for it is, in many respects, the most remarkable band that has ever visited this city.

To hear this organization in one programme is to recognize in it an occasion for emotions, mental and cardiacal, hitherto not experienced by senses either verdant or

jailed. Under the mesmeric guidance of the unique Creator, this band does all things well. Marches, rag-time, Wagner, Mattei, Donizetti, Mascagni, Chopin, Boito—what you will, there is charm in all.

The treatment of the sextette from "Lucia," the Ponchilli number, and the "Tannhauser Overture," included in the programme of the opening concert, was as pleasurable as it was remarkable—quite the most sensational versatility of effects recorded in local traditions. The finale to the "Tannhauser Overture" is the most tremendous, monumental inspiration emanating from band effects. Not to have heard this is not to have heard the most unique climax ever perpetrated; a climax as proportionate and legitimate as it is colossal and electrifying.

To hear the Royal Italian band and to witness the idiosyncrasies of Creator are an experience *sui generis*. Once having recovered from the shock of his many and persistent innovations upon the conventions of directorship, there is a fascination in his daring. It is so naive and direct that one is convinced that it is not a pose. His sensitive, nervous hands and melancholy visage forbid any such suspicion and this conductor's mannerisms soon invite a cordial response of approbation which readily merges into a lurking but definite liking.

The band plays all this week, including Sunday evening, and Friday night's programme is devoted wholly to Wagner. The wonderful "Tannhauser Overture" will be played, the "Evening Star" some "Parsifal" music and the "Ride of the Valkyries" are scheduled and should make an exciting evening.

A. C. W.

Mr. Wm. Walsh, founder of the Merrick, Walsh & Phelps Jewelry Co., desires to inform his friends that he is now connected with the J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club Building, 7th and Locust streets.

A MAN'S LOSS.

To-night, as I climb the long stairs that stretch their tortuous way up to the dull rooms I call home, I am weary at heart, and a thousand little blue-devils are hammering on my brain with maddening reiteration.

Ill-luck has pursued me all day with an unflattering partiality, and the thought of my solitary fireside fills me with an unutterable longing for you. If you would only be there, waiting to cheer my heart with the sight of you—to fill my soul with peace as the quiet sympathy of your presence pervades the atmosphere of unrest!

The misery of the past night comes back to me with an overwhelming rush as I drag my heavy feet skyward. I remember how I leaped up these same stairs, with a light heart, my one thought being of you—only to find you gone. Upon the table lay cigars, cigarettes—the solace of some men—but I touched none of these, for I wanted only you—the one love of my manhood.

When I brought you here you were spotless and unsullied, your delicious mouth had never been touched by a man's lips, and no spark had ever kindled the fire of life within you. Now, women would turn from you with a shudder, saying that your presence contaminates the atmosphere, but to me you are dearer than anything on earth—and I've lost you.

Once, when you first came to me, my father visited my rooms, and, knowing his horror of you and your kind, I hid you in my closet, and there you remained until he had got half-way downstairs. Then, with a shameless appreciation of my own duplicity, I brought you out and laughed to think how the governor never suspected your nearness.

And once Brewster gave me to understand, half in jest and half in earnest, that you were the only thing necessary to his happiness, and that if I ever grew tired of you—But I resented that, and told him nothing should ever part us.

Oh, if I could but go in and pick you up

and carry you to the big Morris chair! With my lips upon your mouth and the fragrance of your breath upon my face, the worries of the day would become as bubbles of air, floating away into unreality before the exquisite assurance of the present.

"Marse Maurice," said the maid, passing him at the top of the stairs, "I done foun' yo' pipe what yo' los' las' night. It went an' los' itself behind dat heathen Chinees on de bookcase, an' de old sinner grinnin' at me c'ase he know'd all de time whar it was. De Lawd knows I'se po'ful glad to fin' it, c'ase I says to myself, Marse Maurice, he done set mo' store by dat ole pipe dan mos' men does by dey wives."—*Town Topics*.

PUZZLED ENGLISHMAN.

Sir Thomas Lipton has a friend, an Englishman by birth, and an American by force of circumstances, who has been in this country long enough to absorb the American idea of humor. Last summer he was in London on a visit, and happening to have business with a man on an upper floor of a tall building, took the "lift" to reach his office. The elevator was one of those excessively deliberate British affairs, and its snail-like progress annoyed the Americanized Briton. The only other occupant of the car was a middle-aged Englishman, with a manner of peculiarly English seriousness. The man from America ventured to address him:

"I think I could make a great improvement in this lift," he said.

The Englishman looked seriously interested. "How?" he asked.

"Why," the other man went on, "I'd make it go faster by a simple little arrangement. I'd stop the lift altogether and move the building up and down."

The Englishman looked slightly more interested.

"How?" he asked.

THE DIARY OF A HOMELY GIRL.

BY S. E. KISER.

Oct. 4—This is my birthday. I am 19. I'm rather glad I am not pretty. Still, I needn't be afraid to wear clothes that fit me, and my eyes and hair are not so bad. I don't believe I shall ever marry.

Oct. 8—My nose isn't a bad shape, if it is large. I read somewhere, the other day, that people with little noses never amount to much. Met Mr. Migglesworth at the Wrights' last night. He seemed crazy over Grace, and the way she carried on with him was scandalous. I can't see why a girl should want to be somebody's wife. I shall be independent. I'm going to study medicine. I have often been told that I could win great success as a professional woman.

Oct. 20—Am disgusted with Grace Wright and that Harry Migglesworth. He seems to be crazy over her because she has a doll's face, and she lets him turn her head with a few words about her "beauty." Have spoken to father about a medical career. He wants me to wait six months, so that I shall be perfectly sure I want to adopt it. There can be no doubt. I have made up mind. I shall never waste any of my time with men. They are conceited cads. In setting themselves up as women's superiors they show their ungenerous littleness.

Oct. 30—The more I see of men the more disgusted I am with all of them. Thank heaven, I am not such a fool as to be flattered by a little attention from them. Grace Wright was here to-day. It seems to me that the only thing she said was "Harry," "Harry," "Harry." Poor, silly thing! When she is married and nothing but a piece of property I shall be independent. She will have to account to somebody for everything she does, but I shall be free to go and come as I please—nobody will have the right to say "you shall" or "you sha'n't" to me. I become more and more enthusiastic over the idea of being a doctor. Father has consented unequivocally. I shall begin my studies about the first of the year.

Nov. 10—Grace was over to-day. She says she and Harry Migglesworth have quarreled. I didn't feel enough interest in their affairs to ask her why. She says he has been very cool for a week or two. That's the way with men. They try to get girls in love with them and when they do they grow tired of them. Thank heaven, I am not one of the foolish ones.

Nov. 12—Harry Migglesworth called last evening. He wondered why he hadn't seen me at the Wrights' lately. Father seemed to like him quite well. He didn't mention his quarrel with Grace.

Nov. 18—Harry Migglesworth has invited me to go to the theater with him. I don't know whether to accept or not.

Nov. 23—Had such a lovely time with Mr. Migglesworth at the play last night. It was one of the most enjoyable performances I ever saw.

Nov. 27—Harry Migglesworth seems to be much more sensible than I thought him at first. He says Grace's gushing way was more than he could stand. He never cared for her, but she made it impossible for him

to keep from treating her to a lot of silly flattery.

Dec. 3—Harry told me last night that there was something he wished to ask me, but said he was afraid I would think he was in too much of a hurry. So he would wait a little while. What if—but I mustn't think of that. I must make arrangements for beginning my studies.

Dec. 5—Harry has been called away for two weeks. He has asked permission to write to me.

Dec. 6—Harry's letter came this morning. He asks me to be his wife. How funny that sounds. The idea of me being anybody's wife. No, I am going to be a professional woman. I have written to him about my plans and given him to understand what I think of men in general. If the shoe fits, let him put it on.

Dec. 17—Harry has not returned and he has not answered my letter. Oh well, I don't care. He probably wished to add me to the list of girls he has had to run away from. I am glad I was not foolish enough to let him turn my head by showing me a little attention. Men seem to be born cads. I can't think of one of them from whose touch I wouldn't shrink with disgust. Tomorrow I shall make final arrangements for beginning my studies.

Dec. 19—Harry was here last night. What a bright, beautiful world this is! I have decided not to be a professional woman. Oh, Harry, Harry, Harry! How can I wait for this evening, and you to come to me! He says I'm beautiful. I wonder if I really, truly am?—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

ALL ABOUT PATELLAS.

There is a boy scholar in one of the downtown grammar schools who has set his teacher wondering whether he is one of the unsophisticated students of the age or a real humorist. At a recent monthly examination one of the questions in physiology the pupils were called upon to answer was: "What is the patella or knee pan?" The answer of young innocent or joker was as follows: "The patellas or knee pants is trousers which extend from the waste to the knee, and were wore by grown up men during George Washington's administration. They are not wore by men in the present time except bicycle riders and men who play golf, but are only worn by small boys. Every boy is glad when he is old enough to take off his patellas or knee pants and go into long pants which extend from the waste to the ankle."—*Philadelphia Record*.

TOO MUCH FOR THE ELEPHANT.

A Chicago showman recently advertised a "piano-playing elephant," and drew a crowd for the first performance. After a preliminary "spiel" describing the talents of the beast and his education, the elephant was led into the ring. He stepped up to the piano, ran a scale, stopped, lifted his trunk and ran, bellowing, from the tent. The showman stepped forward. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "an unfortunate occurrence prevents the intelligent animal from continuing the performance. I am sure that you will all respect his reason. He has just recognized his dead mother's teeth in the piano keys."—*San Francisco Wave*.

A REPORTER'S SERVICES.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

The MIRROR seems to be the only paper that is as ready to distribute praise as blame, and that too without regard to the distinction of those deserving either. For that reason a common newspaper reporter writes this to ask that it be published in justice to a young man on the daily press, who has rendered recent signal service to the community.

The information upon which the Grand Jury rendered the recent indictments, was first gathered in effective shape by Mr. James M. Galvin, popularly known as "Red" Galvin, a reporter on the St. Louis Star. He got the facts in such shape that when they were presented to the Grand Jury the investigation had to follow. He did this in the face of powerful opposition from persons who knew that he had the story and it is his courageous sense of public duty, that is primarily responsible for the explosion that has done so much to purify the atmosphere in this vicinity in the last week.

This same young man, who only a few years ago was a newsboy, in the same week that he uncovered the foulness in the Municipal Assembly, rendered another public service by laying before President Roosevelt facts concerning the United States Marshal of this district which showed him to be unfit for the position he held and to which he desired and solicited re-appointment. Those charges were so specific that the Marshal withdrew his application and will shortly retire from office under the cloud of having charged up to the government railroad fares for himself and prisoners to the State penitentiary when in fact he had traveled on passes. This reporter gathered these facts and presented them in spite of the effort of a strong clique of Republican politicians to get him to keep quiet. He sent them to the President even though he had been told that the President had promised to reappoint Marshal Bohle. The facts were conclusive and the President was grateful for them as saving him from a bad appointment.

This same "Red" Galvin, as a reporter on the *Globe Democrat*, in 1888 was instrumental in bringing about the capture of "Jim Cummings" otherwise Fred Wittrock who stole a big sum of money from an express car, and he did this by hunting down one of Wittrock's companions on a very slender clew, even while the express company was insisting that the robbed messenger was guilty of participating in the robbery of himself.

This reporter has done things that entitle him to the esteem and affection of all good citizens of St. Louis. He is not a great writer, but he is beyond all question the greatest detective-reporter in the United States to-day and as modest as he is tireless. For all these things he has done he has received practically no public credit or recognition. He has exposed municipal villainy as it never has been exposed before; he has saved the public from having imposed upon it an unworthy, venal public official: he has saved an innocent man from being "jobbed" into prison for a crime of which he was the innocent victim instead of the perpetrator. If some one other than a reporter, some one other than one of those creatures whom Judge Cullen, years ago, called "the vermin of the press," had done such things they would have pages of celebration in the papers, but "Jim" or "Red" Galvin is left almost wholly uncredited for the good works referred to.

"HUMPHREY'S CORNER."

Winter Is Here,

But the Profits All Gone.

Never have you had the opportunity to buy winter goods, in Mid-Winter at the low prices they are now offered. You are certain to need heavy goods for the next sixty days. Why not save money and buy the best.

Note some of the reductions:

\$30 Long Overcoats now	\$20.00
\$25, \$22 and \$20 Men's Fancy Suits now	\$14.75
\$18, \$15, \$12 Men's Fancy Suits now	\$8.75
\$25, \$22 and \$20 Young Men's Long Overcoats now	\$14.75
\$10, \$8.50 and \$7.50 Young Men's Fancy Suits now	\$5.75
\$10, \$8.50 and \$7 Children's Vestee Suits now	\$2.98

Every Department full of Bargains.

Humphrey's
Broadway and Pine St.,
St. Louis.

KNEIPP'S Silver Rye Nut

Brings Golden Health.

SCHWEICKHARDT'S
Celebrated Health Bread.

MacFadden's Physical Culture
Books and Exercises.

The Johnson Agency,

1026 Century Building,
Tel.—B 1519. St. Louis.

The MIRROR can afford to give credit to Mr. Galvin, if he is "only a reporter," if he was "only a newsboy" a few years ago. Will the MIRROR do this?

Very Truly

Reporter

St. Louis, Feb. 3rd, 1902.

The MIRROR cheerfully prints this cordial letter of approval of Mr. Galvin's public services. Mr. Galvin should have honor for his performances. He has been an able friend of justice and decency.—*Editor Mirror*.

Mermod and Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust.

CAPITALIZING IDEAS.

The most unique corporation ever proposed in any country is that which soon will be incorporated under the laws of Missouri, having for its basis of value the ideas of one man, Mr. James Hannerty. Many of these ideas are copyrighted designs and the Star Emblem, now so extensively used by the World's Fair, is one of them. Pictorial ideas are of great importance in advertising, and a single picture which tells a story, frequently calls for a splendid price. This Company will have on exhibition, in St. Louis and New York, water color paintings, pen and ink drawings, oil paintings and photographs where large advertisers and publishers may inspect them with a view to securing copyrights. The business of the company will be the furnishing of pictorial inserts or supplements for various Sunday newspapers for the purpose of increasing their circulation. Many of the big journals spend from forty to fifty thousand dollars a year for pictures, so that the Hannerty Idea Co. will have a wide and profitable field of operation. Mr. Hannerty and Mr. Ferguson, proprietor of the Murillo Studio, have made a bid for the photo privilege of the World's Fair and should they be awarded this concession, Mr. Hannerty's share will be the property of the proposed corporation. Should the Star Emblem be adopted by the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, Mr. Hannerty's share will become an asset also. Ideas will be furnished to artists in this country and Europe for paintings in oil and water colors and the company will sell them on a sharing basis in this and other cities. Mr. Hannerty simply has the gift of posing people for photographs and can give an artist the idea for a painting, or an advertiser an idea for exploiting his business. Mr. Hannerty will have all his St. Louis photographic work executed at the Murillo Studio and will establish a studio in New York, where his extensive acquaintance in the theatrical profession will enable him to secure the very best models and bring him prominently before the public. Many of Mr. Hannerty's friends have agreed to take some stock in him when his company is organized. A portion only of the stock is being sold in order to afford him the necessary working capital and to enable him to give his entire time to the business.

The capital stock is to be \$25,000, divided into shares of the par value of \$1.00 each, of which stock \$12,000 is to be preferred stock and \$13,000 is to be common stock. The preferred stock is to receive a six per cent dividend before the common stock is entitled to share in any of the profits. Aside from his Idea business, Mr. Hannerty is at present press agent of the Century and Olympic Theatres and is located at the former as a representative of Mr. Short.

CHORAL SYMPHONY CONCERT.

The Choral Symphony Society will give its sixth concert this evening, at the Odeon. It will be a popular choral concert. The soloist will be the popular soprano, Miss Electa Gifford. The programme includes the overture from "The Flying Dutchman," by the orchestra; Ambrose Thomas' "Mad Scene from Hamlet" aria, by Miss Gifford; Tschai-kowsky's "Andante Cantabile for Strings," by the orchestra; Eaton Fanning's chorus, "Daybreak," by the chorus and orchestra; Kroeger's overture picturesque from "Endymion," by the orchestra; a group of songs,

"Violets Everywhere," by von Fielity; "The Seasons," by Cowen; "The Nightingale's Song," by Nevins, all by Miss Gifford, and the aria from Gounod's "Gallia," by Miss Gifford, the chorus and the orchestra. This is an interesting programme of popular music, but not too popular. There should be a large attendance of music lovers.

UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Having succeeded at last in establishing telephonic connection with his dwelling, Mr. Ferguson proceeded to say:

"Laura, is that you?"
"Yes," replied a voice at the other end of the wire.

"I have called you up to tell you—hello! Do you hear what I'm saying?"

No reply.

"Hello, central!"

"Hello!"

"What did you cut us off for? Give me 745 Black again. . . . Hello!"

"Hello!"

"That you, Laura?"

"Yes."

"I wanted to tell you I shan't—say, who's this? What are you cutting in for? Get away, will you! Hello! Hello!"

No reply.

"Hello, central!"

"Number, please?"

"I've called it twice and been cut off both times. I want 745 Black."

"Here you are."

"Hello!"

"Hello!"

"That you, Laura?"

"Yes."

"I wanted to tell you—hear that?"

"Yes."

"I'll not be able—how much do you hear of that?"

No answer.

"Hello, central!"

"Hello!"

"What the blue blazes do you mean by this? Say, give me the manager! I'll see if I can't—hello! What?"

"That you George?"

"Yes. That you, Laura?"

"Yes."

"I only wanted to tell you I shall not be able to come home to dinner till about seven o'clock. Get that all right?"

"Yes."

"Good-by."

"Good-by."

Moral: Call the manager. It can't be depended upon absolutely, but it will work now and then.—*Chicago Tribune.*

A NEW VERSION.

It was the young daughter of an East side saloon keeper, innocent of any theories about "Sunday opening," but perfectly familiar with the practice. She was in her class in the mission Sunday school and in the course of the catechism "quiz" the question came to her:

"Who made the world?"

"God did," was her prompt answer. "He made the world in six days and was arrested on the seventh."—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

The young men of the Retail Grocers Employees Union will give a ball, to raise funds for the organization, at Liederkranz hall, Monday evening, February 10th. The people who are served by the lively clerks should assist the cause by purchasing tickets.

Tailor-made Gowns Styles 1902.

We take pleasure in calling attention to our assortment of

Tailor-made Suits, Dress and Walking Skirts,

The most select line of models ever shown in this city.

Tailored Gowns—

Exclusive and especially handsome Dresses made of fine Canvas Cloth, Etamine, Veiling, Cheviot, Venetian and Broadcloth, in the new shades of blue, gray, sage and tan, trimmed with novelty braids, fancy buttons and moire silk, make our Garment exhibit a notable one this Spring.

From \$20.00 to \$100.00.

Tailored Skirts—

Dress or Pedestrienne Skirts, made of fine Imported Cheviot, Canvas Cloth, Broadcloth and Fancy Mixtures, trimmed with braid and moire bands—all our own exclusive styles—

From \$7.50 to \$35.00

Scruggs, Vandervoort & Barney

BROADWAY, OLIVE AND LOCUST STREETS.

NOT PERSONAL.

I sent the book down to the dean, from Saunders & Otley's. Speaking of that firm, I don't know whether I told you of young Sutton, Lord Canterbury's son, calling there one day very angry because they had not sent him some books he had ordered. He was, as usual, pretty warm—so much so that one of the partners could bear it no longer, and told him as much.

"I don't know who you are," was the answer, "but I don't want to annoy you personally, as you may not be the one in fault; it's your confounded house that I blame. You may be Otley or you may be Saunders; if you are Saunders, damn Otley; if you are Otley, damn Saunders! I mean nothing personal to you." A mode of getting out of the scrape that would do honor to the great Dan O'Connell himself.—*Life and Remains of Rev. R. H. Barham.*

A CONSOLING JUDGE.

A certain judge, who once presided over a criminal court, was famous as one of the most compassionate men who ever sat on the bench. His softness of heart, however, did not prevent him from doing his duty as a judge. A man who had been convicted of stealing a small amount was brought into court for sentence. He looked very sad and hopeless, and the court was much moved by his contrite appearance. "Have you ever been sentenced to imprisonment?" the judge asked. "Never! Never!" exclaimed the prisoner, bursting into tears. "Don't cry, don't cry," said the judge, consolingly, "you're going to be now."—*Stray Stories.*

STILL DEAD.

In Washington they are telling this story of a Western representative. Daring a campaign the statesman met a man on the street of his town and, although he didn't know him, assumed to recognize him, believing he was a voter. "How is your

father?" asked the candidate. "He died a year ago," was the reply. The candidate sympathized with the man and passed on. Later in the day he met, as he supposed, another man. The same question about the father was asked, when the man replied, "Oh, he is still dead." Then it dawned upon the candidate that it was the same man.

The St. Louis Printing Pressmen's Union will give a ball at Concordia Club Hall, Saturday evening, March 1st. There will be unique souvenirs for each lady present, and other out-of-the-way features.

Mr. Chas. A. Waugh, thirty years with the E. Jaccard Jewelry Co., has installed and is now in charge of an up-to-date stationery department at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club Building, 7th and Locust streets.

This Month's

Official Guide

of St. Louis

Shows all late changes in the Routing and all Owl Car Time-Tables of the

St. Louis Transit Co.

This Guide Contains an up-to-date Street, Avenue and Boulevard Directory illustrated with photo-engraved City Maps. Time Tables of all Railways centering in St. Louis.

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LOGAN'S CHANGE OF HEART.

Recently a gentleman, at Springfield, Ill. having occasion to consult Appleton's "Cyclopædia of American Biography" came upon these words in the history of John A. Logan:

"On the first intimation of coming trouble from the South he declared that in the event of the election of Abraham Lincoln, he would shoulder his musket to have him inaugurated." Further on, the Cyclopædia says, "In July, 1861, during the extra session of Congress, called by President Lincoln, he (referring to Logan) left his seat in Congress that he might overtake the troops that were marching out of Washington to meet the enemy, and fought in the ranks of Col. Richardson's regiment at the battle of Bull Run."

The gentleman in question, a well known citizen of Springfield, happened to know something of the circumstances under which Logan, who had always been a Democrat, came to be a war hero and one of the great Republicans, sat down and wrote of his knowledge to the *Illinois State Register*, to correct the mistake of the biography in Appleton's publication. He says:

"John A. Logan was not favorable to the Union side when the war of the rebellion commenced, and those who claim that he was, not only do him, but themselves, a great wrong.

"On the contrary, John A. Logan denounced the war as a 'd—d abolition scheme to free the nigger,' and went so far in his denunciation of the 'Lincoln party,' as he termed it, as to denounce Douglas and many of his former warmest friends in Springfield and at his home. On the train upon which Douglas and his wife were going to Chicago, he declared in the hearing of hundreds of people: 'Douglas has sold the Democratic party, but I'll be damned if he can deliver the goods.' He was so enraged at Douglas he would not go to Douglas' room in the American House, in Springfield, although Douglas implored him by saying, 'John, come up to my room and let us talk this matter over.' 'O, talk the devil,' said Logan. 'I've talked with you, been led by you, until you led the Democratic party into ruin! But I'll be damned if you lead me any more.' He would not listen to the speeches made by Douglas at Bloomington, Pontiac and Joliet, where Logan got off the train, and Douglas went on to Chicago, where he died in June following.

"John A. Logan had been elected to Congress, as had old Col. 'Dick' Richardson—as everybody styled him. Col. Richardson, on the day before the battle of Bull Run, made up a party of six, four to go in a carriage and two on horseback, to witness the battle. They arrived near there on the evening before the battle and could get no place to sleep, until one of the party, Col. R. E. Goddell, of Denver, Col., improvised a camp by taking sheaves of oats from a field near by and upon which the party slept that night. The party consisted of Col. Richardson, Congressman from Quincy, Ill.; Col. John A. McClernand, Congressman from Springfield; John A. Logan, Congressman from Illinois; Hon. Burt Cook, Col. R. E. Goodell, then of Chicago, and Col. McCook, of Ohio. The party was soundly sleeping in their sheaf-oats bed, when the sound of a cannon was heard, and Gen. McClernand was the first to exclaim: 'My God, boys, it is the beginning of the tug of war! Get up and let us hurry to the front!'

"They went without their breakfast and were as hungry as bears, but still anxious to see the fight. They pushed along until they began to meet stragglers coming toward them, running at their best speed. They came quicker and faster. Finally along came three men carrying muskets, when John A. Logan jumped toward them and stopped them by asking: 'What is the matter? Where and what are you running for?' One of the men replied: 'There's a hell of a fight and the rebs are giving us hell, and we are trying to get out of their reach.' John A. Logan then grabbed one of the muskets as he exclaimed: 'There is but one side to take in this fight and I am going to take the side of the Union.' With that his friends cheered him—for he had been still finding fault with the war and saying sharp things against the party leaders of his own party 'for helping Lincoln and his party.' McClernand at once said: 'He has been converted,' and congratulated him on his change of front."

A NEW APPOINTMENT FOR THE MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Mr. Clarence D. Boyd, who was recently appointed Excursion Agent of the Missouri Pacific Railway, with headquarters in St. Louis, has assumed the duties of his new position, the most important of which will be in connection with the Pullman tourist sleeping car service now established between St. Louis and Pacific Coast points.

On Tuesday morning of each week he will personally conduct the excursion, which leaves Union Station, St. Louis, at 9:00 o'clock. The Pullman tourist cars will be under his direct supervision. He will cheerfully give any information desired, point out places and objects of interest along the line, and see that the wants and comforts of passengers are strictly and promptly attended to. Mr. Boyd has had years of experience in this matter, and is thoroughly familiar with all the details that tend to make traveling a pastime and a pleasure. He has at his command an able and efficient porter whose sole duty it is to be polite and attentive to the passengers. He will especially look after the wants of ladies and children.

This tourist car arrives at Kansas City the same evening, and at Pueblo, the terminus of the Missouri Pacific Railway, at noon on Wednesdays. Here it passes over the tracks of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad to Glenwood Springs and Grand Junction, Colo., where it is taken up by the Rio Grande Western Railway for Salt Lake City and Ogden, Utah. The balance of the trip is over the Southern Pacific Railway to the Pacific Coast.

The headquarters of Mr. C. D. Boyd, in St. Louis, are the City Ticket Office, Northwest corner Broadway and Olive street. On application in person or by mail, he will cheerfully furnish time-cards, maps, folders, pamphlets and other interesting literature.

A very unique wedding gift, shown at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., in the Mercantile Club Building, at 7th and Locust streets, is an anniversary clock that runs 400 days with one winding.

The \$100 diamond solitaire rings we have just mounted in our own factory, where only expert designers and diamond setters are employed, are by far the best value ever offered. Mermod & Jaccard, Broadway and Locust.

Through Pullman Sleepers
Between
ST. LOUIS AND JACKSONVILLE,
ST. LOUIS AND MOBILE,
ST. LOUIS AND NEW ORLEANS.

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Three times a week to Los Angeles and San Francisco, in tourist sleepers. Escorted by experienced excursion conductors. Second class tickets honored. Travel economically and comfortably. Illustrated book "To California and Back," and homeseekers' literature, 10 cents.

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George W. Chadwick, Musical Director.
Pupils received at any time. For prospectus address
FRANK W. HALE, General Manager, Boston, Mass.

Malt-Nutrine
The Leading Malt Extract.

Malt-Nutrine is the only really great extract of malt offered on the market. Other so-called extracts being nothing better than strong black beer, with a large percentage of alcohol and a very small one of extractive matter. Such extracts should not be given or recommended to convalescents or strength-seeking people, since their merits are all on the label and not in the bottle. Malt-Nutrine is prepared by the famous Auheuser-Busch Brewing Assn., which fact guarantees the purity, excellence and merit claimed for it.

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213 N. Eighth St.
FINEST LIQUORS.
THAT'S ALL.

MONEY TO LOAN
On Diamonds and Jewelry
CENTRAL LOAN OFFICE,
204 N. FOURTH STREET

OLD BOOKS AND MAGAZINES,
A. J. CRAWFORD,
TENTH AND PINE STREETS, ST. LOUIS, MO.

PLEA FOR KING'S HIGHWAY.

To the Editor of the Mirror:

The spirit of civic improvement seems to be abroad in the city. The formation of a Civic Improvement League and a King's Highway Boulevard Improvement Association in one night indicates something. It is two steps in the right direction. We must have better streets. Boulevards are imperative necessities. With a good boulevard, such as King's Highway, one step forward will have been made. It is ten miles long. It would connect four parks and two of the largest cemeteries in the city. It would make a driveway on high ground that for pleasure could not be surpassed. It would connect the north, west and south ends of the city, bringing them in closer touch. It would prove an outlet for traffic during the World's Fair congestion on west-end streets. It would build up the southwest and northwest sections of the city, the highest points for miles around. In fact there is no limit to the usefulness of such a boulevard.

Let the Board of Public Improvements "get busy." E. S. A.

UNDERGROUND LAVATORIES.

A dozen or fifteen years ago the movement for underground comfort stations began in London. It was found that even in the most crowded sections there were available spots where they could be located, and their construction was greeted with marked public appreciation. Engineering firms, too, engaged in a spirited rivalry in respect to their design and equipment, and the result is that these stations, scores in number, are scattered all over London to-day, a considerable fraction being for the accommodation of women alone. Each is in charge of a caretaker, who keeps it in perfect order. Wash-bowls and towels are available and usually a bootblack's stand. The stations are largely self-supporting from merely nominal fees, and they are now regarded by the public as quite indispensable. About five years ago the city of Toronto constructed such a lavatory beneath the middle of the broad street in front of the postoffice. A little later two like stations, one for men and one for women, were built under one corner of the City Hall park in New York. Soon afterwards two others were built beneath the surface of Boston common, near the Park street station of the subway. The energetic Merchants' Association of San Francisco, is now agitating for the construction of similar conveniences, in Union square, in that city. Plans and estimates have been secured and the matter is being urged upon the attention of the authorities. It need not be asserted that such public comfort stations ought to be found at various points in every large city. They correspond, usually, to a small edition of the well equipped hotel washroom, and a great number of people make use of them where they are in existence.—Chicago Tribune.

Mr. Chas. A. Waugh, thirty years with the E. Jaccard Jewelry Co., has installed and is now in charge of an up-to-date stationery department at J. Bolland Jewelry Co., Mercantile Club Building, 7th and Locust street.

The neatness of the New England house-keeper is a matter of common remark, and husbands in that part of the country are supposed to appreciate their advantages. A bit of dialogue reported by a New York

paper shows, however, that there may be another side to the matter.

"Martha, have you wiped the sink dry yet?" asked the farmer, as he made the final preparations for the night.

"Yes, Josiah," she replied. "Why do you ask?"

"Well, I did want a drink, but I guess I can get along till morning."—Youth's Companion.

The thin flexible card is the latest fashion in calling cards. 100 calling cards and finely engraved plate for \$1.50—100 cards from your own plate for \$1.00. All orders executed in our own factory by expert engravers and printers. Mermod & Jaccard's Broadway and Locust.

WE'VE ALL BEEN THERE.

An aggravated form of that mental disorder which, possibly, is best diagnosed in the hard worked expression, "Your face is perfectly familiar, but for the moment your name has quite escaped me," is thus given by a recent victim of it: "I was on my way to the theater, and in the corridor of a hotel I met a man whose face was perfectly familiar, but whose name I could not recall for the life of me. The man recognized me instantly and shook hands with a display of genuine pleasure. When I apologized for my haste in explaining that I was going to the theater he asked me if I had any objection to his joining me. I had none, and he came along. That evening was a continuous performance nightmare. Long before the first act ended I had lost hopelessly the thread of the plot in a brain-racking effort to recall my friend's name. He seemed to know me so well that I had not the courage to ask him who he was or where I had met him. After the theater he asked me to have a bite to eat with him. I accepted. If ever a man had earned an honest meal I had. In the chophouse I met a real friend. An introduction and an exposure of my ignorance were inevitable. I make a clean breast of it. 'For the life of me,' I said, 'your name has slipped my tongue.' Rarely have I seen an expression of such profound relief, of such peace and contentment come over a man's face as spread over the countenance of my nameless friend. He grasped my hand and shook it. 'By Jove,' he shouted. 'Do you know I haven't had one second's peace since I saw you, trying to place you. Who are you and what's your name?'"

MRS. MALAPROP.

A new crop of Mrs. Malapropisms was gathered by the passengers who returned to this country, not long ago, on the same boat with a certain Chicago woman whose reputation for this kind of unconscious humor was firmly established years ago. She lamented leaving London so soon "because there was an elegant sculptor there who wanted to make a bust of my arms." In referring to the delights of her visit she spoke enthusiastically about a fancy dress ball which she attended and to which "one of my acquaintances went in the garbage of a monk." One of the passengers congratulated her on her daughter's better health.

"She is not nearly as delicate as she was the last time I saw her," she said.

"No," was the reply. "My daughter is in much better health. You know that naturally she is a very indelicate girl."—New York Sun.

An Ideal Present

For Mother
For Sister
For Sweetheart
For Wife

For Saint Valentine's Day
For Easter
For a Birthday
For an Engagement
For a Wedding

Sonnets To a Wife.

By Ernest McGaffey

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Between Montreal and Liverpool and
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Regular Weekly Sailings.
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The Man from Glengarry, Ralph Connor, \$1.20;
The Sign of the Prophet, James B. Naylor, \$1.20;
The Heritage of Peril, A. W. Marchmont, \$1.20;
The Lion's Whelp, Amelia E. Barr, \$1.20; The
Pines of Lory, J. A. Mitchell, \$1.20; Granstark,
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THE STOCK MARKET.

Indications of a speedy revival in speculation in Wall street are still lacking. The public is indifferent to the specious promises made by bull leaders and the decided ease in money markets. Manipulation is unable to overcome the apathy and distrust that is being manifested everywhere. There have been strong, persistent efforts made, in the past week, to rally the whole list, but the amount of success hardly compensated for the energy expended. Predictions of a sharp rise in the near future continue plentiful. Subsidized financial papers harp upon the strong features of the existing situation, the silliness of pessimism, and the necessity of an advance. They argue that a decided improvement is due, because, forsooth, there has been none for months past. There should be a bull market, according to these wonderful logicians, on general principles. No attention is paid to the fact that many leading stocks are well up to the highest they ever reached, some, indeed, being above the top-notch of last year. Neither do these shallow-minded optimists notice that the average investment return on stocks has been reduced to a little over $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. There are many railroad and municipal bonds to be had at prices that compare very favorably with stock-exchange quotations. Bonds are either too low, or stocks too high. The latter alternative is probably closest to truth. Of course, among the low-priced shares there are some which might go higher, and which have not been over-boomed. Among them may be mentioned Reading, Erie, Ontario & Western, Chesapeake & Ohio, Monon, Hocking Valley and Pere Marquette issues. Among the high-priced shares, Louisville & Nashville, Missouri Pacific, Denver & Rio Grande preferred, Southern preferred, Canadian Pacific and St. Paul common seem to be the most thought of.

So far there has been no serious let-up in railroad earnings. The leading systems continue to show increases, although at a diminishing ratio. December net earnings were, however, distinctly poor, due, undoubtedly, to snow-storms and floods, which interfered with traffic movement in many sections of the country. There is still an expectation, apparently well founded, that corn-crop shortage of 1901 will soon be adequately reflected in revenues. It is certainly a most remarkable, novel feature of the situation that such a deficiency in the most important cereal crop of the country should not as yet have led to a sharp contraction in earnings. Railroad officials continue to utter optimistic prophecies regarding the future, and to assert their belief that "general prosperity" will nullify the effects of last year's crop disaster. However, as stated in these columns last week, their statements should be taken *cum grano salis*.

A sharp and sudden advance in the price of copper, on both sides of the Atlantic, has given rise to a considerable buying movement in Amalgamated and Anaconda shares. The first-named advanced to 79, but has since receded, on heavy selling, to $75\frac{1}{2}$ again. Everybody seems to be mystified regarding the status of copper shares. Some trade experts express the opinion that the Amalgamated people overreached themselves in their eager efforts to get the upper-hand in the trade struggle, and sold too much of their product for months ahead at the bottom prices. If this should be true, it is hard to understand why Amalgamated shares should go up. On the other hand, it

is hard to believe that the management of the trust should have made such a serious, fatal blunder. Whatever may be the real facts in the case, the impression prevails that the independent and Rio Tinto interests got the best of the bargain and are gathering big profits at the expense of the Amalgamated.

Sugar certificates are moving up and down in rapid succession, according to the tenor of news from Washington. There has been a depreciation in the price of the shares of about three points, but the pool continues in control and is anxious to make it interesting for bold, adventurous bears. At present prices, the stock is entirely too high, of course, but as long as the Gordian knot remains unsolved in the halls of Congress, the manipulating crowd will have an easy task to jackscrew quotations up at will. It is an interesting gamble; one cannot call it speculation, but there is money in it, while it lasts, to those who happen to be on the right side. The Cuban business furnishes an excellent, convenient pretext for stock-jobbers and gamblers at the Capitol. When they are long, the cry is heard "we are going to pass the bill;" when they are short, rumors are current and keeping Washington wires hot that the Cuban concessions will be knocked out. Who dares complain about it? Who dares to censure our National legislators? What are they there for?

No opinion has been handed down as yet in the Northern Securities case pending in the U. S. Supreme Court. It is now stated that the matter will not be decided until the 24th inst. This has somewhat interfered with the efforts of bull leaders to lift prices, and caused a moderate set-back. There is, however, no reason to look for any marked depreciation in values. The cliques have things well in hand, and will strain every nerve to maintain prices, raise them and unload whenever opportunity presents itself. As long as nothing of a serious nature occurs to create a general stampede of holders, prices will be see-sawing and traders making quick turns on both sides. The best advice one can give is: "Buy when prices are weak, and sell when they are strong." This may be an old chestnut, but it is the best advice that can be given at the present time. It is a market in which every speculator must decide for himself and keep his eyes open for favorable chances.

The directors of the Union Pacific have declared the regular semi-annual dividends of 2 per cent on the common and the same on the preferred stock. The common stock was not influenced by this news, as no increase had been expected. It is the intention of the management to devote large sums to betterments and new equipment, and this is certainly praiseworthy. The Union Pacific is a great system, with a splendid future, and careful, conservative management should convert it into the leading road of the West. Methods like those of last year, however, should never be resorted to again. They spell ruin, and have enormously increased the burdens of the company.

Southern Pacific advanced nearly four points lately, on rather heavy buying, due, it is said, to reports that the company had obtained control of the Mexican National. There has been no confirmation of the reports, however. Stockholders are hoping for the payment of a dividend on the stock in the near future. They are certainly entitled to it, and the directors could easily distribute a portion of the surplus, without inviting criticism. For a "long pull," Southern Pacific should be a good thing to

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CITY OF ST. LOUIS BONDS.

	Coup.	When Due.	Quoted
Gas Co. 4	J. D.	June 1, 1905	102½-103
Park 6	A. O.	April 1, 1905	108-110
Property (Cur.) 6	A. O.	Apr 10, 1906	110-111
Renewal (Gld) 3.65	J. D.	Jun 25, 1907	102½-103
" 4	A. O.	Apr 10, 1908	104-105½
" 3½	J. D.	Dec. 1, 1909	102½-103
" 4	J. J.	July 1, 1911	111-112
" 3½	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1912	104-105
" 3½	M. S.	June 2, 1920	104-106
" S't'g 100 4	M. N.	Nov. 2, 1911	107-108
(Gld) 4	M. N.	Nov. 1, 1912	107½-108½
" 4	A. O.	Oct. 1, 1913	107-110
" 4	A. O.	Oct. 1, 1914	108-110
" 3.65	J. D.	June 1, 1915	104-105
" 3½	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1918	102½-103

Interest to seller.

Total debt about \$18,856,277
Assessment \$352,521,650

ST. JOSEPH, MO.	I	When Due.	Price.
Funding 6	F. A.	Aug. 1, 1903	104½-105½
" 3½	F. A.	Feb. 1, 1921	102-104
School Lib. 4s 10-20	J. & D.	June, 1920	104-106
" 4	A. J.	Apr 1, 1914	104-106
" 4 5-20	M. S.	Mar. 1, 1918	102-103
" 4 10-20	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	108-105
" 4 15-20	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	104-105
" 4	M. S.	Mch. 1, 1918	105-106
" 4 10-20	J. D.	July 1, 1919	105-107
" 4 10-20	J. D.	June 1, 1920	104-106
" 3½	J. J.	July 1, 1921	101-103

MISCELLANEOUS BONDS.

	When Due.	Price.
Alton Bridge 5s	1913	75-77
Carondelet Gas 6s	1902	100-102
Century Building 1st 6s	1916	100-106½
Century Building 2d 6s	1917	99-100
Commercial Building 1st	1907	101-103
Consolidated Coal 6s	1911	95-100
Hydraulic Press Brick 5s 5-10	1904	99-101½
Kinlock Tel Co. 6s 1st mtg	1928	106½-108
Laclede Gas 1st 5s	1919	109-109½
Merchants Bridge 1st mtg 6s	1929	115½-116
Merch Bridge and Terminal 5s	1930	112½-113
Mo. Electric Lt. 2d 6s	1921	117-119
Missouri Edison 1st mtg 5s	1927	92½-93½
St. Louis Agri. & M. A. 1st 5s	1906	90-93
St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 6s	1910	98-101
St. Louis Cotton Com. 6s	1912	90-99
St. Louis Exposition 1st 6s	1912	90-99
St. L. Troy and Eastern Ry. 6s	1919	104-105
Union Dairy 1st 5s	1901	100-101
Union Trust Building 1st 6s	1913	100-104
Union Trust Building 2d 6s	1908	75-80

BANK STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Exch.	\$50	Dec. '01, 8 SA	305-306
Boatmen's	100	Dec. '01, 8½ SA	218-220
Bremen Sav.	100	Jan. 1902, 6 SA	263-265
Continental	100	Dec. '01, 4 SA	264-266
Fourth National	100	Nov. '01, 5p.c. SA	293-296
Franklin	100	Dec. '01, 4 SA	180-190
German Savings	100	Jan. 1902, 6 SA	333-338
German-Amer.	100	Jan. 1902, 20 SA	775-825
International	100	Dec. 1901, 1½ qy	167-175
Jefferson	100	Jan. 02, 4p.c. SA	185-210
Lafayette	100	Jan. 1902, 4 SA	225-265
Mechanics' Nat.	100	Dec. 1901, 2 qy	265-269
Merch.-Laclede	100	Dec. 1901, 1½ qy	240-242
Northwestern	100	Jan. 1902, 1½ SA	160-170
Nat. Bank Com.	100	Dec. 1901, 2½ qy	225-226
South Side	100	Nov. 1901, 8 SA	125-128
Safe Dep. Sav. Bk	100	Dec. 1901, 8 SA	130-135
Southern com.	100	Jan. 1902, 8 SA	110-115
State National	100	Dec. 1901, 8 SA	209-210
Taird National	100	Dec. 1901, 1½ qy	241-242

*Quoted 100 for par

TRUST STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Am. Cen. Tr. Co.	100		179-179½
Colonial	100	Forming	220½-221
Lincoln	100	Sept. '01, 1½ qy	285½-286
Miss. Va.	100	Dec. '01, 2½ qy	442-444
St. Louis	100	Dec. '01, 2 qy	378-380
Title Trust	100	Dec. '01, 1½ qy	134-135
Union	100	Nov. '08, 3	447-450
Mercantile	100	Jan. '02, 1, Mo.	420-421
Missouri Trust	100		1-8-169
Ger. Trust Co.	100		211-212

STREET RAILWAY STOCKS AND BONDS

	Coupons.	Price.
Cass Av. & F. G.	J. & J.	1912 102½-103
10-20s 5s	J. & J.	1907 109-111
Citizens' 20s 6s	Dec. '88	
Jefferson Ave.	M. & N. 2	1905 105-107
10s 5s	F. & A.	1911 109-108½
Lindell 20s 5s	J. & J.	1913 116-116½
Comp. Heights U.D. 6s	J. & J.	1913 116-116½
do Taylor Ave. 6s	M. & N.	1896 105-106
Mo 1st Mtg 5s 5-10s	Dec. '89 50c	
People's	J. & D.	1912 98-103
do 1st Mtg. 6s 20s	M. & N.	1902 98-103
do 2d Mtg. 7s	Monthly 2p	100-100
St. L. & R. St. L.	J. & J.	1925 103-107
do 1st 6s	M. & N.	1910 100½-101½
St. Louis 1st 5s 5-20s	J. & J.	1913 102-103
do Baden-St. L. 5s	J. & J.	90-110
St. L. & Sub.	F. & A.	1921 104½-105
do Con. 5s	M. & N.	1914 117-120
do Cable & Wt. 6s	M. & N.	1916 115½-116
do Merimac Rv. 6s	1914	
do Incomes 5s	M. & N.	1904 104-106
Southern 1st 6s	1909 106-108	
do 2d 25s 6s	F. & A.	1916 107-108
do Gen. Mfg. 5s	J. & D.	1918 121-122
U. D. 25s 6s	Oct. '01 1½	85-85½
United Ry's Pfd.	J & J	89½-89¾
" 4 p.c. 50s		32½-32¾
St. Louis Transit		

INSURANCE STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Cent.	100	July 1901, 4 SA	238-240

MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Am. Car. Fdry Co	100	Oct. 1901 ½	29-30
" " Pfd	100	Oct. 1901, 1½ qy	86½-87
Bell Telephone	100	Oct. 1901, 2 qy	150-160
Bonne Terre F. C	100	May '96, 2	2-4
Central Lead Co.	100	Dec. 1901, ½ MO	128-133
Consol. Coal	100	Jan. 1902 1	18-21½
Doe Run Min. Co	100	Dec. 1901, ½ MO	128-135
Granite Bi-Metal	100		26c-265
Hydraulic P. B. Co	100	Nov. 1901, 1	97-108
K. & T. Coal Co.	100	Feb. '99, 1	47-48
Kennard Com.	100	Aug. 1901 A. 10.	110-115
Kennard Pfd.	100	Aug. 1901 SA 3½	112-115
Laclede Gas, com.	100	Sept. 1901 2 p.c.	90½-91
Laclede Gas, pfd.	100	Dec. 1901 SA 2½	108-109
Mo. Edison Pfd.	100		47-49
Mo. Edison com.	100		16½-17½
Nat. Stock Yards	100	Oct. '01 1½ qy	100-101
Schultz Belting	100	Oct. '01 qy 2 p.c.	97-101
Simmons Hdw Co	100	Mar. 1901 6 A	176-180
Simmons do pfd.	100	Aug. 1901, 3½ SA	139-142
Simmons do 2 pfd	100	Oct. 1901 4 S.A.	140-145
St. Joseph L. Co.	100	10 Sept. 1901 1½ qy	163½-17½
St. L. Brew Pfd.	100	Jan. '00, 2 p.c.	69-70
St. L. Brew com.	100	Jan. '99 4 p.c.	41-43
St. L. Cot. Comp	100	Dec. '94, 4	5-25
St. L. Exposit'n	100	Dec. '96, 2	1½-2
St. L. Transfer Co	100	Oct. 1901, 1 qy	72-75
Union Dairy	100	Nov. '01, 2 qy	135-145
Wiggins Fer. Co.	100	Oct. '01, 2 qy	132-140
Westhaus Brak	50	D. c. 1901, 7½	175-180
" Coupler		Consolidated	50-51

hold. A few days ago, it sold at 63¼ or within ⅜ of the top-notch of last summer.

The bank statement of last Saturday disclosed an astounding increase in loans. There seems to be something "up." What it is, nobody appears to know. Bank reserves should soon begin to drop again; at the present time they stand at \$26,000,000 above legal requirements. With the exception of 1901, the reserves, at the present time, are the smallest, for the corresponding period, since 1893. The ease in money has caused a rise in sterling exchange, and gold shipments are a probability of the near future.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

There has been no marked change or movement in local security values. Holders are willing to sell on every little advance, but buyers do not seem to be very anxious. The result is a deadlock. Brokers are looking for an improvement soon, but may be disappointed. There has been an enormous increase in the amount of local securities, and this is bound to tell in the course of time. One cannot always enjoy an opportunity to unload at a profit.

They talk about another trust company. The new one is to be formed in South St. Louis. Rumors have it that various other concerns of this kind are contemplated. More or less obscure lawyers are taking a prominent part in this sort of business. It is very doubtful if they have the least knowledge of axiomatic rules of finance.

The various bank and trust company shares show little change. Some are moderately higher, while others are lower. A few of them seemed to be pegged at prevailing quotations. Insiders are supporting their pets and anxiously trying to prevent growth of distrust. Missouri Trust is 168½ bid, Lincoln is selling at 285, Germania at 211½, American Central at 179 and old Commonwealth may be had at 325. Third National is firm at 242, while American Exchange is 302 bid, 304 asked.

Street Railway issues are slightly lower. United Railways preferred is offered at 85; St. Louis Transit may be bought at 32½, and the 4 per cent bonds are selling at 89½. Granite-Bimetallic is still wobbling. It sold at 2 62½ recently, but has climbed up to 2.70 again.

Money is in demand, and bank clearances continue in excess of last year's. Sterling is higher, and quoted at 4.87½.

DON'T WANT SILVER.

The other day a man landed in New York fresh from Pittsburg with a silver dollar. He went to the Astor house for lunch and tendered it with his check. The cashier fingered the coin, sounded it on the counter, weighed it in the palm of his hand, looked very dubious, and pushed it back. "Sorry, sir," he said, "but the manager kicks." Going up Broadway the same man got an appetite for a smoke, and in all innocence,

handed out the coin again. The cigar man looked at it suspiciously, dropped it on the tiled floor deliberately and was about to give it the acid test when the Pittsburger, inclined to be facetious, observed, "That's all right, old man, I made it myself." "You did, eh? Well, that's just what I thought and it don't go here." The silver dollar was taken around the corner and given a careful going over. It was O. K., of course. Its owner, addressing himself, said he would like to know what he was getting. Farther up Broadway, at Twenty-third street, after unraveling himself out of the maze of cabs, trucks, street cars, automobiles and policemen, and driven to drink in the Fifth Avenue Hotel cafe, the same man laid the same dollar down once more. "No offense, sir," said the cashier, "but haven't you any change?" He threw down a dime and a nickel, and made a wild leap for the street, to find a blind or crippled mendicant. Don't bring silver dollars into New York. They are too apt to elect you to Bellevue, especially if your patience easily gets off the trolley.

SHE WANTED A NERVE-SOOTHER.

A middle-aged woman called at a chemist's, in Camden Town, one evening, and asked for morphine, and the shopman replied to her request with:

"Is it for your husband?"

"Oh, no, sir; I have not got any."

"You don't think of suicide?"

"Far from it."

"What do you take it for?"

"Must I tell you, sir?"

"You must, or otherwise I can't supply you."

"Well, then, don't you think that a woman, forty years old, who has had her first offer of marriage less than an hour ago, naturally wants something to quiet her nerves and give her a good night's sleep?"

The druggist thought so, and she went away contented with the nerve-soother.—*London Spare Moments.*

AMBITIOUS FOR HER DAUGHTER.

She was an ignorant, but ambitious, woman, and the great ambition of her life was gratified when her husband was elected a member of Congress.

Immediately after the result of the election was known the new Congressman's wife drove in from her country home to the county seat to call in triumph on her dearest enemies in a social way.

She called first on the wife of the local banker, who had sent her three daughters through Vassar, and, after receiving the congratulations of the family, she turned the conversation to her plans for the future of her own daughter, Jennie.

"I am going to give Jennie every educational advantage," she said. "As soon as the Congressman and I get to Washington we are going to put Jennie in the Smithsonian Institute."—*Chicago Tribune.*

OUR New Price List of Choice City Property For Sale has just been issued and will be delivered, upon application, to those contemplating buying, for a home or investment.

Mississippi Valley Trust Company,

N. W. COR. FOURTH AND PINE STREETS.

HER GOWN GLUED TO HER.

Otero, the Spanish dancer, is responsible for "the revelation gown."

To wear it properly, listen to the instructions of La Belle Otero:

"The dressmaker's responsibility is about one-half," she said, arching her brows reflectively. "The other half depends upon the preparation of the body. Ah, la, la, this costume is not for the common people; not for those who work and who must dress in a hurry.

"To enter into this costume," said Otero, erect and emphatic, "the body must be anointed. It must be gently, thoroughly moistened with a preparation of glycerine mixed with rose water. Ah, la, la, you see it is not easy. I just glue my gown to me with glycerine. Suffer? Some. One must suffer to be beautiful.

"The proportions must be such that the soft stickiness of the glycerine is retained while it is slightly adulterated with oil of roses. This must be rubbed into the skin from head to foot. It has, let me say, a double advantage, for not only does it make the clothes fit, but it also softens the skin. Ah, la, la, did I not say my invention was for the aristocrats?

"Into this mixture of glycerine and rose water add just a touch of patchouli, or some perfume, so that the incense will envelop you like a cloud wherever you may move.

"For fifteen minutes, at the very least, the skin is rubbed gently, gently, till everywhere it glistens and shines. Pints of the mixture are distributed over the body carefully and evenly.

"Now, then, you are ready."

Mme. Otero was interrupted by a question. "Does one dry the body?" she was asked.

"Dry it? Oh, la, la, mais, most certainly not. That is the preparation; that is the secret of the costume; that is the fit. La, la, to dry the body would be to destroy the gown.

"Wet, glistening, moist, the body is ready to receive the first article of clothing. It should consist of fleshings of the finest silk. These cling tight, tight, tight to the sticky moisture. A pair of suede stays, without bones, should be the only other bit of apparel, or better still, a single tight band about the waist.

"Ah, la, la, this fashion is for the perfect figure. The Winged Victory in our Louvre inspired me.

"Well, then, through the silk fleshings you see gleaming the skin, to which they stick tight, like a plaster.

"Over this plaster, moist and sticky, exquisitely perfumed and soft as satin, the gown all in one is moulded.

"Not a sign of bulk appears, even in the heaviest of cloth. The dressmaker who is skillful has in fitting the gown passed her hand over the width, for instance, that forms the back, and, la, la, it sticks without a crease, without a wrinkle. It is no longer a figure of speech to say 'as tight as your skin.'"

La Belle Otero's carmine lips parted in a triumphant smile above her white teeth.

"If one has grace at last it is not hidden! If one has curves at last they are not concealed! The glove that fits the hand does not more perfectly reveal its shape than the gown that is moulded to a glycerine-dipped figure!"

Mme. Otero was asked how she felt. The only difference in her bearing was perhaps that she held herself more erect.

"I feel," she answered, "slippery inside.

I feel, indeed, as an eel may feel, but I don't mind the discomfort. The cloth of which my gown is made is heavy, so that the glycerine may not soak through it. It is unlined, of course, and is stretched to my figure. The secret of stretching the material belongs to the art of the perfect dressmaker. No ordinary dressmaker could do it.

"The color must be carefully considered in case a drop of moisture should penetrate. Tan is safe; white would be perilous; black might be attempted. The material is as it were stuck on, and if there are any fastenings they are invisible hooks.

"It is quite true that the revelation gown may be worn only a few times. Ah, la, la, did I not say it was not for the common people? Only the extravagant, only those who may cast it aside, only those who have perfect lines and dare to show them; only those may wear it."

FAST ONE DAY IN SEVEN.

"I have a rather novel way of protecting myself against indigestion and kindred complaints," said one bohemian to another, "and after having tried it for a series of years I am convinced that it is the most logical thing in the world to do. I never suffer from indigestion, and yet I am a very hearty eater, and can eat almost anything. Put me on the plainest food in the world, hardtack or cornpone, or even on the diet they serve on some of the ships running to South Africa, and I will flourish like a green bay tree. The fact of the business is I stood the army diet during the Cuban war and got through all right. I can stand anything. My system is very simple, and instead of being expensive I save by it. I save the worth of one day's board out of every week, or fifty-two days during the year, which is nearly two months, or, say, one-sixth of the amount a man would spend for board during a life-time. This is no small thing. It will keep a man in clothes if he is not extravagant and not a fashionable dresser, and since I do not pretend to be fashionable, my plan has the additional virtue of keeping me in clothes. My scheme? It is very simple. For twenty-four consecutive hours, once every week, I go without putting a bite of anything to eat in my stomach. I do not even eat light food. I simply fast. It is not a question of religion, and not a hobby. It is a scientific plan. I may say it is almost Biblical, for are we not commanded to rest one day out of every seven? I simply give my stomach and my digestive system and all of my assimilating functions the same privilege which is accorded me as a man—a divinely ordained privilege, too. I began the practice several years ago and I have not been sick a day since I adopted it. My advice to my friends is to follow my plan and fast for one whole day each week." "That's all right," quoth the listening bohemian, "but there are other ways which enable a man to escape from the horrors of indigestion. Take my scheme, for instance! You fast one day out of each week, I fast six. I never eat except on pay-day, and pay-day comes once a week, and I will give you my word for it my stomach never suffers from anything like overcrowding. On the basis of calculation adopted by you, in a short while a man ought to be a millionaire by adopting my plan of feasting one day and fasting six, and when you come to figure it out it's a big thing." And the one-day man whistled idly as he passed out of the room.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*



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Nainsook Chemise Gown, elbow sleeves, lace and ribbon trimmed—market price \$1.50—Introductory Price.....\$1.00

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Cambric Gowns, square neck, Valenciennes lace insertion and edge, back and front, market price \$1.85, Introductory Price.....\$1.19

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Muslin Gowns, hemstitched yoke; market price 65c, Introductory Price.....39c

Muslin Gowns, embroidery trimmed, market price \$1.25, Introductory Price.....75c

Cambric Covers, lace trimmed; market price 75c, Introductory Price.....48c

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Corset Covers, lace trimmed; market price 45c, Introductory Price.....29c

Nainsook Covers, lace trimmed; market price, \$1.25, Introductory Price.....75c

Corset Covers, waist length, blouse front; market price 45c, Introductory Price.....25c

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Muslin Skirt, lace trimmed; market price \$1.25, Introductory price.....75c

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Nainsook Chemise, lace trimmed top and bottom; market price \$1.50, Introductory Price.....\$1.00

Cambric Drawers, umbrella ruffle, with two rows of lace insertion and edge; market price \$1.00, Introductory Price.....65c

Muslin Drawers, umbrella ruffle, trimmed with embroidery; market price 65c, Introductory Price.....39c

Fine Cambric Drawers, trimmed with hemstitched ruffle, open or closed; market price 50c, Introductory Price.....35c

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Nainsook Skirts, deep hem and hemstitched insertion, waist made with armholes; market price 75c, Introductory Price.....50c

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Infants' Flannelette Skirts, neatly embroidered; market price 75c, Introductory Price.....49c

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One case 20x40 Hemmed Huck Towels; market price 17½c apiece; our special introductory price (per Towel).....12½c

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SERVANT IN HUSBAND'S HOME.

Alfred F. Elliott, a wealthy resident of Cadiz, O., has his divorced wife working for him as a servant. She ran away with his coachman a year ago. Then the man deserted her and she came back to beg her husband's forgiveness. He would not give her this, but agreed to engage her as a paid servant, because "the children would find her useful."

Mrs. Elliott accepted the situation thankfully. She takes the orders of her husband and children more humbly than if she were a servant girl engaged in the ordinary way.

Not only does Mrs. Elliott humbly take orders from the family, but also from the cook. She helps in the kitchen, cleans her husband's and her children's shoes, waits at the table and generally acts as a maid-of-all work. She is a refined and educated woman. Elliott is a retired real estate dealer, who now passes his time on a model farm near Cadiz. It is a splendid place, stocked with valuable and thoroughbred animals of all kinds.

The people of Harrison County were shocked to hear, a year ago, that Mrs. Elliott had run away with the family coachman, Walter Shannon. It appears that one evening Mrs. Elliott sent word to her husband that she would not come down to dinner. Half an hour later she and the coachman were seen by the country people driving along the road toward New Athens in one of Mr. Elliott's buggies.

It was an elopement. Shannon, who was a very handsome fellow, and a smart coachman, had fascinated his employer's wife. Mrs. Elliott had often been seen talking to him, but her husband had no cause for suspicion, and he paid no attention to such trifling signs. The actual news of the elopement was an absolute surprise to him. He was mad with rage. Everybody who knew him believed that he would kill both the guilty ones if he could find them. As months passed, his rage gave way to a fixed dogged look of resentment.

Six months after the elopement Mrs. Elliott appeared at her parents' home in Belmont county. She was heartbroken, ill, half-starved. Shannon had deserted her. It appeared that no sooner had she run away than she began to be disgusted with her companion. She realized that she had deserted an honest, if not very agreeable man, for a worthless fellow.

Mr. Elliott began a suit for divorce at Cadiz. Mrs. Elliott engaged counsel and put in a defense. An order was made granting her temporary alimony. A week before the date set for the trial she went to her lawyers and told them that she had arranged matters with her husband and that she had no further use for their services. When they asked her what she had done she said that it was no business of theirs. Mr. Elliott then obtained his divorce without opposition.

Then came the second surprise of this story—a surprise that put the elopement entirely in the shade. Mrs. Elliott was back in her husband's home again and working as a servant. The first neighbor who called after the divorce was astounded to see the former wife open the door dressed neatly but plainly as a household servant.

The whole truth gradually came out. Mrs. Elliott had thrown herself on her husband's mercy. She told him that he ought to take care of her for the sake of the children. She was ashamed to go anywhere else. She promised to do anything he liked—to work

for him, to black his boots, to scrub the floor.

Elliott was still extremely bitter. He thought slowly over her appeal and finally said that he would take her back to his home as a servant.

In return for this treatment she was to agree always to work faithfully as a servant and never to seek to be anything but a servant. She was to be absolutely obedient to him and the children and never to attempt familiarities with any of them. She was to be prepared to obey orders at any time in the twenty-four hours and never to ask for any evenings off. She was to have no visitors of any kind whatever and never to go away from the farm.

All these hard conditions the poor woman accepted readily. She signed an agreement in which they were embodied and immediately entered upon her new duties.

Her former husband and the children address her as "Mary," while she always says "Sir" to Elliott. The children have been told that they must never speak to her or of her as their mother.

"Mary!" yells Master John, "bring me some more meat at once!"

"Yes, sir," says his mother.

"Mary," cries Miss Margaret, "I want some more pie. You're very slow."

"Yes, Miss Margaret," says the mother.

This sort of thing goes on all day long at the Elliott household. The family drudge does all the work that an ordinary mother would do, and all the work that a servant would do, and yet she does not receive any of the consideration that either mother or servant would. She is expiating her terrible folly.

She gets up at 5 o'clock in the morning and cleans her master's and her children's shoes. Then she lights the fires and does some of the other rough work. She waits on the table at breakfast time and then sees that the children have their rubbers on and their clothes are in good condition when they start out for school. She is never allowed to say anything unless she is spoken to.

Elliott does not keep a coachman any longer. On Sunday he drives the children to church five miles away. The "servant," by special permission, is allowed to go there on foot.

When an old friend of the family calls, one who knew Mrs. Elliott in happier days, the former wife must still act as a servant. She must not show in any way that she recognizes the visitor. This is part of the agreement.

Mrs. Elliott feels that she must submit to every humiliation and sacrifice to atone for the crime she committed. She stands in profound awe of her former husband, a man of cold, silent and inflexible character.

When he was asked how he was able to carry out such a strange arrangement he replied:

"It works very well. I have nothing to complain of. The children are glad to have her round the house. She does more for them than most servants would and her wages are very little."

Mrs. Elliott's name before she married Elliott was Miss Laura Brokaw. She came of a good family and always bore a good name until she made her great error. She is a tall, handsome, dignified woman. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Brokaw, live at Flushing, Belmont county, Ohio, about thirty miles from Cadiz.

Mr. Elliott belongs to one of the best and oldest families of the township in which he lives. He is a trustee of Shortcreek Town-

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Ice Palace CENTURY

Cook and Channing Aves.

FOURTH SEASON

IS NOW OPEN

Finest Skating in America.

Music by Bromley's Band.

Admission, 25 cents.

ship, was a candidate for county commissioner and is and has been for many years past the president of the Harrison County Agricultural Fair Association. He is about forty-five years old and of fine appearance. The family consists of a boy and a girl, both handsome children.

AN HEIRLOOM IN THE FAMILY.

The person who is inclined to boast of his valuable possessions is likely to have the laugh turned upon him on occasions. A wealthy man was once proudly exhibiting to some acquaintances a table which he had bought and which he said was five hundred years old.

"That is nothing," said one of the company. "I have in my possession a table which is more than three thousand years old."

"Three thousand years old!" said his host.

"That is impossible! Where was it made?"

"Probably in India."

"In India! What kind of a table is it?"

"The multiplication table."—*London Tit-Bits.*

CONCERNED.

Two poor, down-trodden peasants, who fancied they had a grievance against their landlord, were waiting behind a hedge by the roadside, with their guns loaded, murder in their hearts, and fully determined to have a shot at the tyrant.

It is past the time at which he is expected to come along. Still they wait and wait until the village clock has struck ten, and at length they become uneasy.

"Shure, Pat," says Mike, "I do hope nothin' has happened to the poor ould gentleman!"—*Cassell's Journal.*

Office: "Is your brother, who was so deaf any better?"

Bridget: "Sure, he'll be all right in the morning."

"You don't say so?"

"Yes; he was arrested yesterday, and he gets his hearin' in the morning."—*Denver Republican.*

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Regular Matinee
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IN

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NEXT SUNDAY.

Marguerita
Silva
IN
Miss Bob
White.

Wednesday and Satur-
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Seats on sale Thursday.

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